



R. W. J.

Mr. D. Benn.



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POEMS
Com. UPON *Ingc.*
SEVERAL OCCASIONS:
WITH A
VOYAGE
TO THE
Island of Love.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

L O N D O N, *Aug^s*

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TO
The Right Honourable,
J A M E S,
EARL of *SALISBURY*,
VISCOUNT *CRAMBORN*,
AND
BARON of *ISLINGTON*.

MY LORD,

W*HO should one celebrate with Verse and Song, but the Great, the Noble and the Brave? where dedicate an Isle of Love, but to the Gay, the Soft and Young? and who amongst Men can lay a better claim to these*
A 2 *than*

Epistle Dedicatory.

than Your Lordship? who like the Sun new
risen with the early Day, looks round the World
and sees nothing it cannot claim an interest
in (for what cannot Wit, Beauty, Wealth and
Honour claim?) The violent storms of Sedi-
tion and Rebellion are bush'd and calm'd ;
black Treason is retir'd to its old abode, the
dark Abyss of Hell ; the mysterious Riddles of
Politick Knaves and Fools, which so long a-
mused and troubled the World's repose, are
luckily unfolded ; and Your Lordship is salu-
ted at Your first coming forth, Your first set-
ting out for the glorious and happy Race of
Life, by a Nation all glad, gay and smiling ;
and you have nothing before you but a ravi-
shing prospect of eternal Joys, and everlasting
inviting Pleasures, and all that Love and
Fortune can bestow on their darling Youth, at-
tend You in the noble pursuit ; and nothing can
prevent Your being the most happy of her
Favourites, but a too eager flight, a too swift
speed o'er the charming flowry Meads and
Plains that lie in view, between Your setting
out and the end of Your glorious Chase. A long
and illustrious race of Nobility has attended
Your

Epistle Dedicatory.

Your great Name, but none I believe ever came into the World with Your Lordship's advantages; amongst which, my Lord, 'tis not the least that You have the glory to be truly Loyal, and to be adorn'd with those excellent Principles, which render Nobility so absolutely worth the Veneration which is paid 'em; 'tis those, my Lord, and not the Title that make it truly great: Grandeur in any other serves but to point 'em out more particularly to the World, and shew their Faults with the greater magnitude, and render 'em more liable to contempt and that Reward which justly pursues Ingratitude; nor is it, my Lord, the many unhappy Examples this Age has produc'd that has deter'd you from herding with the busie Unfortunates, and bringing Your powerfull aid to their detestable cause, but a noble Honesty in Your Nature, a Generosity in Your Soul. That even part of Your Education had the good fortune not to be able to corrupt; no Opinion cou'd byass You, no Precedent debauch You; though all the fancies'd Glories of Power were promis'd You, though all the Contempt thrown on good and brave Men, all the sub-

Epistle Dedicatory.

tile Arguments of the old Serpent, were us'd against the best of Kings and his illustrious Successour, still You were unmov'd; Your young stout Heart with a Gallantry and Force unusual resisted and defied the gilded Bait, laugh'd at the industrious Politicks of the busie Wise, and stubbornly Loyal, contemn'd the Counsels of the Grave. Go on, my Lord, advance in Noble resolution, grow up in strength of Loyalty, settle it about Your Soul, root it there like the first Principles of Religion, which nothing ever thoroughly defaces, and which in spite of even Reason the Soul retains, whatever little Debaucheries the Tongue may commit; You that are great, are born the Bulwarks of sacred Majesty, its defence against all the storms of Fate, the Safety of the People in the Supporters of the Throne; and sure none that ever obey'd the Laws of God and the Dictates of Honour ever paid those Duties to a Sovereign that more truly merited the Defence and Adorations of his People than this of ours; and tis a blessing (since we are oblig'd to render it to the worst of Tyrant Kings) that we have one
who

Epistle Dedicatory.

who so well justifies that intire Love and Submission we ought to pay him. You, my Lord, are one whom Thousands of good Men look up to with wondrous Veneration and Joy, when 'tis said Your Lordship amongst Your other Vertues is Loyal too, a true Tory! (a word of Honour now, the Royal Cause has sanctified it,) and though Your Lordship needs no encouragement to a good that rewards it self, yet I am confident You are not onely rank'd in the esteem of the best of Monarchs, but we shall behold you as one of our Preservers, and all England as one of its great Patrons, when Ages that shall come shall find Your noble Name inroll'd amongst the Friends to Monarchy in an Age of so villainous Corruption: Yes, my Lord, they will find it there and bless You. 'Tis this, my Lord, with every other Grace and Noble Vertue that adorns You, and gives the World such promises of Wonders in You, that makes me ambitious to be the first in the Croud of Your Admirers, that shall have the honour to celebrate Your great Name. Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this Little Piece, which lazy Mi-

Epistle Dedicatory.

notes begot and hard Fate has oblig'd me to bring forth into the censuring World, to which if any thing can reconcile it, 'twill be the glory it has to bear Your Noble Name in the front, and to be Patronized by so great and good a Man: Permit but my Zeal for Your Lordship to atone for the rest of my Faults, and Your Lordship will extremely oblige,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

A. Behn.

T O

T O
Mrs. BEHN,
ON THE
PUBLISHING
H E R
P O E M S.

Madam,

Long has Wit's injur'd Empire been oppress'd
By Rhiming Fools, this Nations common Jest,
And sunk beneath the *weight* of heavy *stafes*,
In *Tory Ballads* and *Whig Epitaphs*;
The *Ogs* and *Doegs* reign'd, nay *Baxter's* zeal,
Has not been wanting too in writing *Ill*;
Yet still in fright of what the dull can doe,
'Tis here *asserted* and *adorn'd* by you.
This Book come forth, their credit must decay,
Ill Spirits vanish at th'approach of day:

And

And justly we before your envy'd feet,
 There where our *Hearts* are due our *Pens* submit;
 Ne'er to resume the baffled things again,
 Unless in Songs of *Triumph* to thy Name;
 Which are outdone by every *Verse* of thine,
 Where thy own *Fame* does with more lustre shine,
 Than all that we can give who in thy *Praises* join. }
 Fair as the face of Heaven, when no thick *Cloud*
 Or darkning *Storm* the glorious prospect shroud;
 In all its beauteous parts shines thy bright style,
 And beyond Humane Wit commends thy skill;
 With all the *thought* and *vigour* of our Sex
 The moving *softness* of your own you mix.
 The *Queen* of Beauty and the *God* of Wars }
 Imbracing lie in thy due temper'd *Verse*,
Venus her sweetness and the force of *Mars*. }
 Thus thy luxuriant Muse her pleasure takes,
 As *God* of old in *Eden's* blissfull walks;
 The Beauties of her new Creation view'd,
 Full of content She sees that it is *good*.

Come then you inspir'd *Svains* and join your *Verse*,
 Though all in vain to add a *Fame* to hers;
 But then your Song will best *Apollo* please,
 When it is fraught with this his *Favorite's* praise.
 Declare how when her learned Harp she strung,
 Our joyfull *Island* with the Musick rung;
 Descending *Graces* left their Heavenly seat,
 To take their place in every Line she writ;
 Where sweetest Charms as in her Person smile,
 Her Face's Beauty's copy'd in her style.
 Say how as she did her just skill improve
 In the best Art and in soft Tales of Love.

Some

Some well fung Passion with success she crown'd,
The melting Virgins languish'd at the sound.
And envying Swains durst not the Pipe inspire,
They'd nothing then to doe but to *admire*.
Shepherds and *Nymphs*, to *Pan* direct your Prayer,
If peradventure he your Vows will hear,
To make you *sing*, and make you *look* like her,
But, *Nymphs* and *Swains*, your hopes are all in vain,
For such bright *Eyes*, and such a tunefull *Pen*.

How many of her Sex spend half their days,
To catch some *Fool* by managing a Face?
But she secure of *charming* has confin'd
Her wiser care t' *adorn* and *dress* the Mind.
Beauty may fade, but everlasting *Verse*
Exempts the better portion from the *Hearse*.
The matchless *Wit* and *Fancy* of the Fair,
Which moves our *envy* and our Sons *despair*.
Long they shall live a *monument* of her *Fame*,
And to *Eternity* extend her *Name*;
While After-times deservedly approve
The choicest object of this Ages Love.
For when they reade, gheffing how far she charm'd,
With that bright *Body* with such *Wit* inform'd;
They will give *heed* and *credit* to our *Verse*,
When we the *Wonders* of her *Face* rehearse.

J. Cooper.

Buckden, Nov. 25.

1683.

T O

To ASTRÆA, on her Poems.

TIS not enough to reade and to admire,
Thy sacred Verse does nobler thoughts inspire, }
Striking on every breast Poetick fire :
The God of Wit attends with chearfull Rays,
Warming the dullest Statue into praise.
Hail then, delight of Heaven and pride of Earth,
Blest by each Muse at thy auspicious birth ;
Soft Love and Majesty have fram'd thy Mind,
To shew the Beauties of both Sexes join'd :
Thy Lines may challenge, like young *David's* face,
A Female Sweetness and a Manly Grace ;
Thy tender notions in loose numbers flow,
With a strange power to charm where e'er they go :
And when in stronger sounds thy voice we hear,
At all the skilfull points you arm'd appear.
Which way so'er thou dost thy self express,
We find thy Beauty out in every drefs ;
Such work so gently wrought, so strongly fine,
Cannot be wrought by hands all Masculine.
In vain proud Man weak Woman wou'd controul,
No Man can argue now against a Woman's Soul.

J. C.

T O

To the excellent Madam Behn, on her Poems.

'T Was vain for Man the Laurels to persue,
(E'en from the God of Wit bright *Daphne* flew)
Man, Whose course compound damps the Muses fire,
It does but touch our Earth and soon expire;
While in the softer kind th'Ætherial flame,
Spreads and rejoices as from Heaven it came :
This *Greece* in *Sappho*, in *Orinda* knew
Our Isle ; though they were but low types to you ;
But the faint dawn to your illustrious day,
To make us patient of your brighter Ray.

Oft may we see some wretched story told,
In ductile sense spread thin as leaves of Gold.
You have ingroſt th'ineſtimable Mine ;
Which in well poliſht Numbers you refine,
While ſtill the ſolid Maſs ſhines thick in every Line. }

Yet neither ſex do you ſurpaſs alone,
Both in your Verſe are in their glory ſhown, }
Both *Phœbus* and *Minerva* are your own.
While in the ſoſteſt dreſs you Wit diſpenſe,
With all the Nerves of Reaſon and of Senſe.
In mingled Beauties we at once may trace
A Female Sweetneſs and a Manly Grace.
No wonder 'tis the *Delphian* God of old
Wou'd have his Oracles by Women told.
But oh! who e'er ſo ſweetly could repeat
Soft lays of Love, and youths delightfull heat ?
If Love's Miſfortunes be your mournfull Theme,
No dying Swan on fair *Cayſter's* ſtream,

Expires

Expires so sweet, though with his numerous Moan,
The fading Banks and suffering Mountains groan.
If you the gentle Passions wou'd inspire,
With what resistless Charms you breathe desire?
No Heart so savage, so relentless none,
As can the sweet Captivity disown:
Ah, needs must she th'unwary Soul surprise,
Whose Pen sheds Flames as dangerous as her Eyes.

J. ADAMS.

*To the Authour, on her Voyage to the
Island of Love.*

TO speak of thee no Muse will I invoke,
Thou onely canst inspire what thou'd be spoke;
For all their wealth the Nine have given to thee,
Thy rich and flowing stream has left them dry:
Cupid may throw away his useles Darts,
Thou'lt lent him one will massacre more Hearts
Than all his store, thy Pen disarms us so,
We yield our selves to the first beauteous Foe;
The easie softness of thy thoughts surprise,
And this new way Love steals into our Eyes;
Thy gliding Verse comes on us unawares,
No rumbling Metaphors alarm our Ears,
And puts us in a posture of defence;
We are undone and never know from whence.

So

So to th' *Affyrian* Camp the Angel flew,
And in the silent Night his Millions flew.
Thou leadst us by the Soul amongst thy Loves,
And bindst us all in thy enchanting Groves;
Each languishes for thy *Aminta's* Charms,
Sighs for thy fancies Raptures in her Armes,
Sees her in all that killing posture laid, (Maid,
When *Love* and fond *Respect* guarded the sleeping
Pursues her to the very Bower of Bliss,
Times all the wrecking joys and thinks 'em his;
In the same Trance with the young pair we lie,
And in their amorous Ecstasies we die.
You Nymphs, who deaf to Love's soft lays have been,
Reade here, and suck the sweet destruction in:
Smooth is the stream and clear is every thought,
And yet you cannot see with what you're caught;
Or else so very pleasing is the Bait,
With careless heed you play and leap at it:
She poisons all the Flood with such an art,
That the dear Philter trickles to the Heart,
With such bewitching pleasure that each sup
Has all the joys of life in every drop.
I see the Banks with Love-sick Virgins strow'd,
Their Bosoms heav'd with the young fluttering God;
Oh, how they pant and struggle with their pain!
Yet cannot with their former health again:
Within their Breasts thy warmth and spirit glows,
And in their Eyes thy streaming softness flows;
Thy Raptures are transfus'd through every vein;
And thy blest hour in all their heads does reign;
The Ice that chills the Soul thou dost remove,
And meltest it into tenderness and Love;

The

The flints about their Hearts dance to thy lays,
Till the quick motion sets 'em on a Blaze.
Orpheus and you the stones do both inspire,
But onely you out of those flints strike fire,
Not with a sudden Spark, a short liv'd Blaze,
Like Womens Passions in our Gilding days;
But what you fire burns with a constant flame,
Like what you write, and always is the same.
Rise all ye weeping Youth, rise and appear,
Whom gloomy Fate has damn'd to black Despair;
Start from the ground and throw your Mourning by,
Loves great *Sultana* says you shall not die:
The dismal dark half year is over past,
The Sea is op'd, the Sun shines out at last,
And Trading's free, the storms are hush'd as death,
Or happy Lovers ravisht out of breath;
And listen to *Astræa's* Harmony,
Such power has elevated Poetry.

T. C.

*To the Lovely Witty Astræa, on her
Excellent Poems.*

O HE, wonder of thy Sex! Where can we see,
Beauty and Knowledge join'd except in thee?
Such pains took Nature with your Heav'nly Face,
Form'd it for Love, and moulded every Grace:
I doubted

I doubted first and fear'd that you had been
Unfinish'd left like other She's within :
I see the folly of that fear, and find
Your Face is not more beauteous than your Mind :
Whoe'er beheld you with a Heart unmov'd,
That sent not sighs, and said within he lov'd ?
I gaz'd and found, a then, unknown delight,
Life in your looks, and Death to leave the sight.
What joys, new Worlds of joys has he possess'd,
That gain'd the sought-for welcome of your Breast ?

Your Wit wou'd recommend the homeliest Face,
Your Beauty make the dullest Humour please ;
But where they both thus gloriously are join'd,
All Men submit, you reign in every Mind.
What Passions does your Poetry impart ?
It shews th'unfathom'd thing a Woman's Heart, }
Tells what Love is, his Nature and his Art,
Displays the several Scenes of Hopes and Fears,
Love's Smiles, his Sighs, his Laughings and his Tears.
Each Lover here may read his different Fate,
His Mistress kindness or her scornfull hate.
Come all whom the blind God has led astray,
Here the bewildred Youth is shew'd his way :
Guided by this he may yet love and find
Ease in his Heart, and reason in his Mind.

Thus sweetly once the charming W——*lr* strove
In Heavenly sounds to gain his hopeless Love :
All the World listned but his scornfull Fair,
Pride stopt her ears to whom he bent his prayer.

Much happier you that can't desire in vain,
But what you wish as soon as wish'd obtain.

*Upon these and other Excellent Works of the
Incomparable Astræa.*

YE bold Magicians in Philosophy,
That vainly think (next the Almighty three)
The brightest *Cherubin* in all the Hierarchy
Will leave that Glorious Sphere
And to your wild enchantments will appear;
To the fond summons of fantastick Charms,
As Barbarous and inexplicable Terms;
As those the trembling Scorerer dreads,
When he the Magick Circle treads:
And as he walks the Mystick rounds,
And mutters the detested sounds,
The *Stygian* fiends exalt their wrathfull heads;
And all ye bearded Drudges of the Schools,
That sweat in vain to mend predestin'd fools,
With senseless Jargon and perplexing Rules;
Behold and with amazement stand,
Behold a blush with shame and wonder too,
What Divine Nature can in Woman doe.
Behold if you can see in all this fertile Land
Such an Anointed head, such an inspired hand.

II.

Rest on in peace, ye blessed Spirits, rest,
With Imperial blis for ever blest:
Upon your sacred Urn she scorns to tread,
Or rob the Learned Monuments of the dead:
Nor need her Muse a foreign aid implore
In her own tunefull breast there's wonderous store.
Had

Had she but flourish'd in these times of old,
When Mortals were amongst the Gods enroll'd,
She had not now as Woman been Ador'd,
But with Diviner sacrifice Implor'd;

Temples and Altars had preserv'd her name
And she her self been thought Immortal as her fame.

III.

Curst be the balefull Tongue that dares abuse
The rightfull offspring of her Godlike Muse:
And doubly Curst be he that thinks her Pen
Can be instructed by the best of men.

The times to come, (as surely she will live,
As many Ages as are past,

As long as Learning, Sense, or wit survive,
As long as the first principles of Bodies last.)

The future Ages may perhaps believe
One soft and tender Arm cou'd ne'er achieve

The wonderous deeds that she has done
So hard a prize her Conqu'ring Muse has won.

But we that live in the great Prophetesses days

Can we enough proclaim her praise,

We that experience every hour

The blest effects of her Miraculous power?

To the sweet Mesick of her charming tongue,

In numerous Crowds the raviht hearers throng;

And even a Herd of Beasts as wild as they

That did the *Thracian* Lyre obey,

Forget their Madnes and attend her song.

The tunefull Shepherds on the dangerous rocks

Forake their Kinds and leave their bleating Flocks,

And throw their tender Reeds away,

As soon as e'er her softer Pipe begins to play.

No barren subject no unfertile soil
Can prove ungratefull to her Muses Toil,
Warm'd with the Heavenly influence of her Brain,
Upon the dry and sandy plain,
On craggy Mountains cover'd o'er with Snow,
The blooming Rose and fragrant Jes'min grow :
When in her powerfull Poetick hand,
She waves the mystick wand, (slow.
Streight from the hardest Rocks the sweetest numbers

IV.

Hail bright *Urania*! *Erato* hail!
Melpomene, *Polymnia*, *Euterpe*, hail!
And all ye blessed powers that inspire
The Heaven-born Soul with intellectual fire;
Pardon my humble and unhallow'd Muse,
If she too great a veneration use,
And prostrate at your best lov'd Darling's feet
Your holy Fane with sacred honour greet :
Her more than *Pythian* Oracles are so divine,
You sure not onely virtually are
Within the glorious Shrine,
But you your very selves must needs be there.
The *Delian* Prophet did at first ordain,
That even the mighty Nine should reign,
In distant Empires of different Cline;
And if in her triumphant Throne,
She rules those learned Regions lone, (Rhime.
The fam'd *Pyerides* are out-done by her omnipotent
In proper Cells her large capacious Brain
The images of all things does contain,
As bright almost as were th' Ideas laid,
In the last model e'er the World was made.

And

And though her vast conceptions are so strong,
The powerfull eloquence of her charming tongue
Does, clear as the resistless beams of day,
To our enlightned Souls the noble thoughts convey;
Well chosen, well appointed, every word
Does its full force and natural grace afford;

And though in her rich treasury,
Confus'd like Elements great Numbers lie,
When they their mixture and proportion take,
What beauteous forms of every kind they make!
Such was the Language God himself infus'd,
And such the style our great Forefather us'd,
From one large stock the various sounds he fram'd,
And every Species of the vast Creation nam'd.

While most of our dull Sex have trod
In beaten paths of one continued Road,
Her skillfull and well manag'd Muse
Does all the art and strength of different paces use:
For though sometimes with slackned force,
She wisely stops her fleetest course,
That slow but strong Majestick pace
Shews her the swiftest steed of all the chosen Race.

V.

Well has she sung the learned *Daphnis* praise,
And crown'd his Temples with immortal Bays;
And all that reade him must indeed confess,
Th' effects of such a cause could not be less.
For ne'er was (at the first bold heat begun)
So hard and swift a Race of glory run,
But yet her sweeter Muse did for him more,
Than he himself or all *Apollo's* sons before;

For shou'd th' insatiate lust of time,
Root out the memory of his sacred Rhime.
The polish'd armour in that single Page
Wou'd all the tyranny and rage
Of Fire and Sword defie,
For *Daphnis* can't but with *Astræa* die.
And who can dark oblivion fear,
That is co-eval with her mighty Works and Her?
Ah learned Chymist, 'tis the onely can
By her almighty arm,
Within the pretious salt collect,
The true essential form,
And can against the power of death protect
Not onely Herbs and Trees, but raise the buried Man.

VI.

Wretched *OEnone's* inauspicious fate,
That she was born so soon, or her blest Muse so late!
Cou'd the poor Virgin have like her complain'd,
She soon her perjur'd Lover had regain'd,
In spight of all the fair Seducers tears,
In spight of all her Vows and Prayers;
Such tender accents through his Soul had ran,
As wou'd have pierc'd the hardest heart of Man.
At every Line the fugitive had swore
By all the Gods, by all the Powers divine,
My dear *OEnone*, I'll be ever thine,
And ne'er behold the flattering Grecian more.
How does it please the learned *Roman's* Ghost
(The sweetest that th' *Elysian* Field can boast)
To see his noble thoughts so well exprest,
So tenderly in a rough Language drest;

Had

Had she there liv'd, and he her *Genius* known,
So soft, so charming, and so like his own,
One of his Works had unattempted been,
And *Ovid* ne'er in mournfull Verse been seen;
Then the great *Cæsar* to the *Scythian* plain,
From *Rome's* gay Court had banish'd him in vain,
Her plenteous Muse had all his wants supplied,
And he had flourish'd in exalted pride:
No barbarous *Getans* had deprav'd his tongue,
For he had onely listned to her Song,
Not as an exile, but proscrib'd by choice,
Pleas'd with her Form, and ravish'd with her voice.

His last and dearest part of Life,
Free from noise and glorious strife,
He there had spent within her softer Armes,
And soon forgot the Royal *Julia's* charmes.

VII.

Long may the scourge this mad rebellious Age, }
And stem the torrent of Fanatick rage, }
That once had almost overwhelm'd the Stage. }
O'er all the Land the dire contagion spread,
And e'en *Apollo's* Sons apostate fled:
But while that spurious race imploy'd their parts }
In studying stratagems and subtle arts, }
To alienate their Prince's Subjects hearts, }
Her Loyal Muse still tun'd her loudest strings,
To sing the praises of the best of Kings.
And, O ye sacred and immortal Gods,
From the blest Mansions of your bright aboads,
To the first *Chaos* let us all be hurld,
E'er such vile wretches should reform the World,

That in all villany so far excell,
 If they in sulphurous flames must onely dwell,
 The Cursed Caitiffs hardly merit Hell. }
 Were not those vile *Achitophels* so lov'd,
 (The blind, the senseless and deluded Crowd)
 Did they but half his Royal Vertues know,
 But halt the blessings which to him they owe,
 His long forbearance to provoking times,
 And God-like mercy to the worst of crimes:
 Those murmuring *Shimei's*, even they alone, }
 Cou'd they bestow a greater than his own,
 Wou'd from a Cottage raise him to a Throne. }

VIII.

See, ye dull Scriblers of this frantick Age,
 That load the Press, and so o'erwhelm the Stage,
 That e'en the noblest art that e'er was known,
 As great as an *Egyptian* Plague is grown:
 Behold, ye scrawling Locusts, what ye've done,
 What a dire judgment is brought down,
 By your curst Dogrel Rhimes upon the Town;
 On Fools and Rebels hangs an equal Fate,
 And both may now repent too late, (gone.
 For the great Charter of your Wit as well as Trade is
 Once more the fam'd *Astræa's* come;
 'Tis she pronounc'd the fatal doom,
 And has restor'd it to the rightfull Heirs,
 Since Knowledge first in Paradise was theirs.

IX.

Never was Soul and Body better joyn'd,
 A Mansion worthy of so blest a Mind;
 See but the Shadow of her beauteous face,
 The pretious minitures of every Grace,

There

There one may still such Charms behold,
That as Idolaters of old,
The works of their own hands ador'd,
And Gods which they themselves had made implor'd;
Jove might again descend below, (Image bow.
And, with her Wit and Beauty charm'd, to his own
But oh, the irrevocable doom of Nature's Laws!
How soon the brightest Scene of Beauty draws!
Alas, what's all the glittering Pride
Of the poor perishing Creatures of a day,
With what a violent and impetuous Tide,
E'er their flow'd in their glories ebb away?
The Pearl, the Diamond and Saphire must
Be blended with the common Pebbles dust,
And even *Astræa* with all her sacred store,
Be wreckt on Death's inevitable Shore,
Her Face ne'er seen and her dear Voice be heard no more.
And wisely therefore e'er it was too late,
She has revers'd the sad Decrees of Fate,
And in deep Characters of immortal Wit,
So large a *memorandum's* writ,
That the blest memory of her deathless Name
Shall stand recorded in the Book of Fame;
When Towns inter'd in their own ashes lie,
And Chronicles of Empires die,
When Monuments like Men want Tombs to tell
Where the remains of the vast ruins fell.

To the excellent Astræa.

WE all can well admire, few well can praise
Where so great merit does the Subject raise:
To

To write our Thoughts alike from dulness free,
On this hand, as on that from flattery ;
He who wou'd handsomly the *Medium* hit,
Must have no little of *Astrea's* Wit.
Let others in the noble Task engage,
Call you the *Phoenix*, wonder of the Age,
The Glory of your Sex, the Shame of ours,
Crown you with Garlands of Rhetorick Flowers ;
For me, alas, I nothing can design,
To render your soft Numbers more divine,
Than by comparison with these of mine :
As beauteous paintings are set off by shades,
And some fair Ladies by their dowdy Maids ;
Yet after all, forgive me if I name
One Fault where, *Madam*, you are much to blame,
To wound with Beauty's fighting on the square,
But to o'ercome with Wit too is not fair ;
'Tis like the poison'd *Indian* Arrows found,
For thus you're sure to kill where once you wound.

J. W.

*To Madam A. Behn on the publication of
her Poems.*

WHen the sad news was spread,
The bright, the fair *Orinda's* dead,
We sigh'd, we mourn'd, we wept, we griev'd,
And fondly with our selves conceiv'd,
A loss so great could never be retriev'd.

The

The Ruddy Warriour laid his Truncheon by,
Sheath'd his bright sword, and glorious Arms forgot,
The sounds of Triumph, braggs of Victory,
Rais'd in his Breast no emulative thought;

For pond'ring on the common Lot,
Where is, said He the Diff'rence in the Grave,
Betwixt the Coward and the Brave?
Since She, alas, whose inspir'd Muse should tell
To unborn Ages how the Hero fell,
From the Impoverisht Ignorant World is fled,
T'inhance the mighty mighty Number of the dead.

II.

The trembling Lover broke his tuneless Lute,
And said be thou for ever mute:
Mute as the silent shades of night,
Whither *Orinda's* gone,
Thy musicks best instructress and thy musicks song;
She that could make

Thy inarticulated strings to speak,
In language soft as young desires,
In language chaste as *Vestal* fires;
But she hath ta'n her Everlasting flight:

Ah! cruel Death,
How short's the date of Learned breath!
No sooner do's the blooming Rose,
Drest fresh and gay,
In the embroy'dries of her Native May,
Her odorous sweets expose,
But with thy fatal knife,
The fragrant flow'r is crop't from off the stalk of life.

III.

Come, ye *Stoicks*, come away,
 You that boast an Apathy,
 And view our *Golgotha*;
 See how the mourning Virgins all around,
 With Tributary Tears bedew the sacred ground;
 And tell me tell me where's the Eye
 That can be dry,
 Unless in hopes (nor are such hopes in vain)
 Their universal cry,
 Should mount the vaulted sky,
 And of the Gods obtain,
 A young succeeding *Phœnix* might arise
 From *Orinda's* spicy obsequies.
 In Heaven the voice was heard,
 Heaven does the Virgins pray'rs regard;
 And none that dwells on high,
 If once the beauteous Ask, the beauteous can deny.

IV.

'Tis done, 'tis done, th' imperial grant is past,
 We have our wish at last,
 And now no more with sorrow be it said,
Orinda's dead;
 Since in her seat *Astrea* does Appear,
 The God of Wit hath chosen her,
 To bear *Orinda's* and his Character.
 The Laurel Chaplet seems to grow
 On her more gracefull Brow;
 And in her hand
 Look how she waves his sacred Wand:

Loves Quiver's tyde
In an Azure Mantle by her side,
And with more gentle Arts
Than he, who owns the Aureal darts,
At once she wounds, and heals our hearts.

V.

Hark how the gladdened Nymphs rejoyce,
And with a gracefull voice,
Commend *Apollo's* Choice.
The gladdened Nymphs their Guardian Angel greet,
And chearfully her name repeat,
And chearfully admire and praise,
The Loyal musick of her layes;
Whilst they securely sit,
Beneath the banners of her wit,
And scorn th' ill-manner'd Ignorance of those,
Whose Stock's so poor they cannot raise.
To their dull Muse one subsidy of praise,
Unless they're dubb'd the Sexes foes,
These squibbs of sense themselves expose.
Or if with stolen light
They shine one night,
The next their earth-born Lineage shows,
They perish in their slime,
And but to name them, wou'd defile *Astræa's* Rhime.

VI.

But you that would be truly wise,
And vertues fair *Idea* prize;
You that would improve
In harmeles Arts of not indecent Love:
Arts that *Rome's* fam'd Master never taught,
Or in the Shops of fortune's bought.

Would

Would you know what Wit doth mean,
Pleasant wit yet not obscene,
The several garbs that Humours wear,
The dull, the brisk, the jealous, the severe?
Would you the pattern see
Of spotless and untainted Loyalty,
Deck't in every gracefull word
That language can afford;
Tropes and Figures, Raptures and Conceits that ly,
Disperst in all the pleasant Fields of poesie?
Reade you then *Astræa's* lines,
'Tis in those new discover'd Mines,
Those golden Quarries that this Ore is found
With which in Worlds as yet unknown *Astræa* shall
(be crown'd.

VII.

And you th' Advent'rous sons of fame,
You that would sleep in honours bed
With glorious Trophies garnished;
You that with living labours strive
Your dying Ashes to survive;
Pay your Tributes to *Astræa's* name
Her Works can spare you immortality,
For sure her Works shall never dye.
Pyramids must fall and **Mausolean** Monuments decay,
Marble Tombs shall crumble into dust,
Noisie Wonders of a short-liv'd day,
That must in time yield up their Trust;
And had e'er this been perisht quite
Ith' ruines of Eternal night,
Had no kind Pen like her's,
In powerfull numbers powerfull verse,

Too

Too potent for the gripes of Avaritious fate,
To these our ages lost declar'd their pristine State.

VIII.

But time it self, bright Nymph, shall never Conquer (thee,
For when the Globe of vast Eternity;
Turns up the wrong-side of the World,
And all things are to their first *Chaos* hurld,
Thy lasting praise in thy own lines inroll'd,
With *Roman* and with the *British* Names shall Equal
(honour hold.
And surely none 'midst the Poetick Quire,
But justly will admire
The Trophies of thy wit,
Sublime and gay as e'er were yet
In Charming Numbers writ.)
Or *Virgil's* Shade or *Ovid's* Ghost,
Of Ages past the pride and boast;
Or *Cowley* (first of ours) refuse
That thou shouldst be Companion of their Muse.
And if 'twere lawfull to suppose
(As where's the Crime or Incongruity)
Those awfull Souls concern'd can be
At any sublunary thing,
Alas, I fear they'll grieve to see,
That whilst I sing,
And strive to praise, I but disparage thee.

By F. N. W.

To

To Madam Behn, on her Poems.

WHEN th' Almighty Powers th' Universe had
fram'd,
And Man as King, the lesser World was nam'd,
The Glorious Consult soon his joys did bless,
And sent him Woman his chief happiness.
She by an after-birth Heaven did refine,
And gave her Beauty with a Soul divine;
She with delight was Natures chiefeft pride,
Dearest to Man than all the World beside;
Her soft embraces charm'd his Manly Soul,
And softer Words his Roughness did controul:
So thou, great *Sappho*, with thy charming Verse,
Dost here the Soul of Poetry rehearse;
From your sweet Lips such pleasant Raptures fell,
As if the Graces strove which shou'd excell.
Th'admiring World when first your Lute you strung,
Became all ravisht with th' immortal Song;
So soft and gracefull Love in you is seen,
As if the Muses had design'd you Queen.
For thee, thou great *Britannia* of our Land,
How does thy Praise our tunefull Feet command?
With what great influence do thy Verses move?
How hast thou shewn the various sense of Love?
Admir'd by us, and blest by all above. }
To you all tribute's due, and I can raise
No glory but by speaking in your praise.
Go on and bless us dayly with your Pen,
And we shall oft return thee thanks again.

H. Watson.
POEMS

POEMS

UPON

Several OCCASIONS.

The Golden Age.

A Paraphrase on a Translation out of French.

I.

B Left Age ! when ev'ry Purling Stream
 Ran undisturb'd and clear, (seen,
 When no scorn'd Shepherds on your Banks were
 Tortur'd by Love, by Jealousie, or Fear ;
 When an Eternal Spring drest ev'ry Bough,
 And Blossoms fell, by new ones dispossest ;
 These their kind Shade affording all below,
 And those a Bed where all below might rest.

B

The

The Groves appear'd all drest with Wreaths of
 (Flowers,
 And from their Leaves dropt Aromatick Showers,
 Whose fragrant Heads in Mysttick Twines above,
 Exchang'd their Sweets, and mix'd with thou-
 (sand Kisses,

As if the willing Branches strove
 To beautific and shade the Grove
 Where the young wanton Gods of Love
 Offer their Noblest Sacrifice of Bliss.

IL

Calm was the Air, no Winds blew fierce and loud,
 The Skie was dark'ned with no fullen Cloud;
 But all the Heav'ns laugh'd with continued
 (Light,
 And scatter'd round their Rays serenely bright.

No other Murmurs fill'd the Ear
 But what the Streams and Rivers purl'd,
 When Silver Waves o'er Shining Pebbles curl'd;
 Or when young *Zephirs* fan'd the Gentle Breez,
 Gath'ring fresh Sweets from Balmy Flow'rs
 (and Trees,
 Then

several Occasions. 3

Then bore 'em on their Wings to perfume all the

(Air :

While to their soft and tender Play,

The Gray-Plum'd Natives of the Shades

Unwearied sing till Love invades,

Then Bill, then sing agen, while Love and Mistle

(makes the Day.

III.

The stubborn Plough had then,

Made no rude Rapes upon the Virgin Earth;

Who yeilded of her own accord her plentious

Without the Aids of men; (Birth,

As if within her Teeming Womb,

All Nature, and all Sexes lay,

Whence new Creations every day

Into the happy World did come :

The Roses fill'd with Morning Dew;

Bent down their loaded heads,

T'Adorn the careless Shepherds Grassy Beds

While still young opening Buds each moment

(grew

And as those withered, dress'd his shaded Couch
(a new ;
Beneath who's boughs the Snakes securely
(dwelt,
Not doing harm, nor harm from others felt ;
With whom the Nymphs did Innocently play,
No spiteful Venom in the wantons lay ;
But to the touch were Soft, and to the sight were
(Gay.

IV.

Then no rough sound of Wars Alarms,
Had taught the World the needless use of
(Arms :
Monarchs were uncreated then,
Those Arbitrary Rulers over men ;
Kings that made Laws, first broke 'em, and
(the Gods
By teaching us Religion first, first set the World
(at Odds :
Till then Ambition was not known,
That Poyson to Content, Bane to Repose ;
Each Swain was Lord o'er his own will alone,
His

several Occasions.

5

His Innocence Religion was, and Laws.

Nor needed any troublesome defence

Against his Neighbours Insolence.

Flocks, Herds, and every necessary good

Which bounteous Nature had design'd for Food,

Whose kind increase o'er-spread the Meads

(and Plains,

Was then a common Sacrifice to all th' agreeing

(Swaines.

V.

Right and Property were words since made,

When Power taught Mankind to invade:

When Pride and Avarice became a Trade;

Carri'd on by discord, noise and wars,

For which they barter'd wounds and scars;

And to Inhaunce the Merchandize, miscall'd it

(Fame

And Rapes, Invasions, Tyrannies,

Was gaining of a Glorious Name:

Stiling their salvage slaughters, Victories;

Honour, the Error and the Cheat

Of the Ill-natur'd Bus'ey Great,

B 3

Non

Nonfence, invented by the Proud ,
Fond Idol of the slavish Crowd ,
Thou wert not known in those blest days
Thy Poyson was not mixt with our unbounded
(Joyes ;
Then it was glory to pursue delight,
And that was lawful all, that Pleasure did invite,
Then 'twas the Amorous world enjoy'd its
(Reign ;
And Tyrant Honour strove t' usurp in Vain.

VI.

The flowry Meads the Rivers and the Groves,
Were fill'd with little Gay-wing'd Loves :
That ever smil'd and danc'd and Play'd,
And now the woods, and now the streames in-
(vade,
And where they came all things were gay and
(glad :
When in the Myrtle Groves the Lovers sat
Opprest with a too fervent heat ;
A Thousand Cupids fann'd their wings a-
(loft,
And

several Occasions.

7

And through the Boughs the yielded Ayre would

(waft :

Whose parting Leaves discovered all below,
And every God his own soft power admir'd,
And smil'd and fann'd, and sometimes bent his

(Bow ;

Where e'er he saw a Shepherd uninspir'd.

The Nymphs were free, no nice, no coy dif-

(dain,

Deny'd their Joyes, or gave the Lover pain ;

The yielding Maid but kind Resistance makes;

Trembling and blushing are not marks of

(shame,

But the Effect of kindling Flame :

Which from the sighing burning Swain she

(takes,

While she with tears all soft, and down-cast-

(eyes,

Permits the Charming Conqueror to win the

(prize.

several Occasions.

9

Honour ! that rob'st us of our Gust,
Honour ! that hindred mankind first,
At Loves Eternal Spring to squench his amorous
(thirst,
Honour ! who first taught lovely Eyes the art,
To wound, and not to cure the heart :
VVith Love to invite, but to forbid with Awe,
And to themselves prescribe a Cruel Law ;
To Veil 'em from the Lookers on,
When they are sure the slave's undone,
And all the Charmingst part of Beauty hid ;
Soft Looks, consenting Wishes, all deny'd.
It gathers up the flowing Hair,
That loosely plaid with wanton Air.
The Envious Net, and stinted order hold,
The lovely Curls of Jet and shining Gold ,
No more neglected on the Shoulders hurl'd :
Now drest to Tempt, not gratify the VVorld,
Thou Miser Honour hord'st the sacred store,
And starv'st thy self to keep thy Votaries poor.

IX.

Honour ! that put'st our words that should be ^{(free}
 Into a set Formality.

Thou base Debaucher of the generous heart,
 That teachest all our Looks and Actions Art ;

What Love design'd a sacred Gift,

What Nature made to be possess'd ,

Mistaken Honour, made a Theft,

For Glorious Love should be confess'd :

For when confin'd, all the poor Lover gains,

Is broken Sighs, pale Looks, Complaints, & Pains.

Thou Foe to Pleasure, Nature's worst Disease,

Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings,

What mak'st thou here in Shepherds Cottages ;

Why troublest thou, the quiet Shades & Springs

Be gone, and make thy Fam'd resort

To Princes Pallaces ;

Go Deal and Chaffer in the Trading Court,

That busie Market for Phantastick Things ;

Be gone and interrupt the short Retreat,

Of the Illustrious and the Great ;

Go break the Politicians sleep,

Disturb

Disturb the Gay Ambitious Fool,
That longs for Scepters, Crowns, and Rule,
Which not his Title, nor his Wit can keep;
But let the humble, honest *Swain* go on,
In the blest Paths of the first rate of man;
That nearest were to Gods Alli'd, (Pride
And form'd for love alone, disdain'd all other

X.

Be gone! and let the Golden age again,
Assume its Glorious Reign;
Let the young wishing Maid confess,
What all your Arts would keep conceal'd:
The Mystery will be reveal'd,
And she in vain denies, whilst we can guess,
She only shows the Jilt to teach man how,
To turn the false Artillery on the Cunning Foe.
Thou empty Vision hence, be gone,
And let the peaceful *Swain* love on;
The swift pac'd hours of life soon steal away:
Stint not yee Gods his short liv'd Joy.
The Spring decays, but when the Winter's gone,
The Trees and Flowers a new comes on

The •

The Sun may set, but when the night is fled,

And gloomy darkness does retire,

He rises from his Watry Bed :

All Glorious, Gay, all drest in Amorous Fire.

But *Sylvia* when your Beauties fade,

VVhen the fresh Roses on your Cheeks shall die,

Like Flowers that wither in the Shade,

Eternally they will forgotten lye,

And no kind Spring their sweetness will supply. }

VVhen Snow shall on those lovely Tresses lye }

And your fair Eyes no more shall give us pain,

But shoot their pointless Darts in vain.

VVhat will your duller honour signifie?

Go boast it then ! and see what numerous Store

Of Lovers, will your Ruin'd Shrine Adore.

Then let us *Sylvia* yet be wise,

And the Gay hasty minutes prize :

The Sun and Spring receive but our short Light,

Once sett, a sleep brings an Eternal Night.

*A Farewel to Celladon, On his
Going into Ireland.*

Pindarique.

Farewell the Great, the Brave and Good,
By all admir'd and understood ;
For all thy vertues so extensive are,
VVrit in so noble and so plain a Character ,
That they instruct humanity what to do,
How to reward and imitate 'em too,
The mighty *Cesar* found and knew,
The Value of a Swain so true :
And early call'd the Industrious Youth from
(Groves
VVhere unambitiously he lay,
And knew no greater Joyes, nor Power then
(Loves ;
VVhich all the day
The careless and delighted *Celladon* Improves ;
So

So the first man in Paradise was laid,
 So blest beneath his own dear fragrant shade;
 Till false Ambition made him range,
 So the Almighty call'd him forth,
 And though for Empire he did *Eden* change;
 Less Charming 'twas, and far less worth.

II.

Yet he obeys and leaves the peaceful Plains,
 The weeping Nymphs, and sighing Swains,
 Obeys the mighty voice of *Jove*.
 The Dictates of his Loyalty pursues,
 Bus'ness Debauches all his hours of Love;
 Bus'ness, whose hurry, noise and news
 Even Natures self subdues;
 Changes her best and first simplicity,
 Her soft, her easie quietude
 Into mean Arts of cunning Policy,
 The Grave and Drudging Coxcomb to Delude.
 Say, mighty *Celladon*, oh tell me why,
 Thou dost thy nobler thoughts imploy
 In bus'ness, which alonewas made
 To teach the restless Statesman how to Trade
 In

In dark Cabals for Mischief and Design,
But n'ere was meant a Curse to Souls like thine.
 Busines the *Check* to Mirth and VVit,
 Busines the Rival of the Fair,
The Bane to Friendship, and the Lucky Hit,
Onely to those that languish in Dispair;
Leave then that wretched troublesome Estate
 To him to whom forgetful Heaven,
Has no one other vertue given,
 But dropt down the unfortunate,
 To Toyl, be Dull, and to be Great.

III.

But thou whose nobler Soul was fram'd,
For Glorious and Luxurious Ease,
By Wit adorn'd, by Love inflam'd;
For every Grace, and Beauty Fam'd,
Form'd for delight, design'd to please,
Give Give a look to every Joy,
That youth and lavish Fortune can invent,
Nor let Ambition, that false God, destroy
Both Heaven and Natures first intent.
But oh in vain is all I say,

Both

And you alas must go,
 The Mighty *Cæsar* to obey,
 And none so fit as you.
 From all the Envyng Croud he calls you forth,
 He knows your Loyalty, and knows your worth;
 He's try'd it oft, and put it to the Test,
 It grew in Zeal even whilst it was oppress'd,
 The great, the Godlike *Celladon*,
 Unlike the base Examples of the times,
 Cou'd never be Corrupted, never won,
 To stain his honest blood with Rebel Crimes.
 Fearless unmov'd he stood amidst the tainted
 (Crowd,
 And justify'd and own'd his Loyalty aloud.

IV.

Hybernia hail! Hail happy Isle,
 Be glad, and let all Nature smile.
 Ye Meads and Plains send forth your Gayest
 (Flowers;
 Ye Groves and every Purling Spring,
 VVhere Lovers sigh, and Birds do sing,
 Be glad and gay, for *Celladon* is yours;
 He comes, he comes to grace your Plains.

To

several Occasions. 17

To Charm the Nymphs, and bless the Swains,
Ecchoes repeat his Glorious Name
To all the Neighbouring Woods and Hills;
Ye Feather'd Quire chant forth his Fame,
Ye Fountains, Brooks, and Wand'ring Rills,
That through the Meadows in Meanders run,
Tell all your Flowry Brinks, the generous Swain
(is come.

VI.

Divert him all ye pretty Solitudes,
And give his Life some softning Interludes:
That when his wear'd mind would be,
From Noise and Rigid Bus'ness free;
He may upon your Mossy Beds lye down,
Where all is Gloomy, all is Shade,
With some dear Shee, whom Nature made,
To be possesst by him alone;
Where the soft tale of Love She breathes,
Mixt with the rushing of the wind-blown leaves,
The different Notes of Cheerful Birds,
And distant Bleating of the Herds:
Is Musick far more ravishing and sweet, (Great.
Then all the Artful Sounds that please the noisey

C

VII.

VII.

Mix thus your Toiles of Life with Joyes,
 And for the publick good, prolong your days :
 Instruct the VWorld, the great Example prove,
 Of Honour, Friendship, Loyalty, and Love.

And when your busier hours are done,
 And you with *Damon* sit alone ;

Damon the honest, brave and young ;
 VVhom we must Celebrate where you are
 For you (by Sacred Friendship ty'd,) (sung.

Nor Love nor Fate can nere divide ; (run,
 VVhen your agreeing thoughts shall backward
 Surveying all the Conquests you have won,
 The Swaines you 'ave left, the sighing Maids un-
 Try if you can a fatal prospect take, (done ;
 Think if you can a soft *Idea* make :

Of what we are, now you are gone,
 Of what we feel for *Celladon*.

VIII.

'Tis *Celladon* the witty and the gay, (Day :
 That blest the Night, and cheer'd the world all
 'Tis

several Occasions. 19

'Tis *Celladon*, to whom our Vows belong,
And *Celladon* the Subject of our Song.
For whom the Nymphs would dress, the
(Swains rejoice,

The praise of these, of those the choice ;
And if our Joyes were rais'd to this Excess,
Our Pleasures by thy presence made so great :
Some pitting God help thee to guess,
(What Fancy cannot well Express.)
Our Languishments by thy Retreat,
Pitty our Swaines, pitty our Virgins more,
And let that pitty haste thee to our shore ;
And whilst on happy distant Coasts you are,
Afford us all your sighs, and *Cesar* all your care.

On a Juniper-Tree, cut down to
make Busks.

W^Hilst happy I Triumphant stood,
The Pride and Glory of the Wood ;
My Aromatick Boughs and Fruit,
Did with all other Trees dispute.

Had right by Nature to excel,
In pleasing both the tast and smell :
But to the touch I must confess,
Bore an Ungrateful Sullenness.
My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I
Yielded with some Reluctancy ;
For which my vallue should be more,
Not giving easily my store.
My verdant Branches all the year
Did an Eternal Beauty wear ;
Did ever young and gay appear.
Nor needed any tribute pay,
For bounties from the God of Day:
Nor do I hold Supremacy,
(In all the Wood) o'er every Tree.
But even those too of my own Race ;
That grow not in this happy place.
But that in which I glory most,
And do my self with Reason boast ,
Beneath my shade the other day,
Young *Philecles* and *Cloris* lay,

Upon

several Occasions.

21

Upon my Root she lean'd her head,
And where I grew, he made their Bed :
Whilst I the Canopy more largely spread.
Their trembling Limbs did gently press,
The kind supporting yielding Grass:
Ne'er half so blest as now, to bear
A Swain so Young, a Nymph so fair :
My Grateful Shade I kindly lent,
And every aiding Bough I bent.
So low, as sometimes had the blisse,
To rob the Shepherd of a kiss,
Whilst he in Pleasures far above
The Sence of that degree of Love:
Permitted every stealth I made,
Unjealous of his Rival Shade.
I saw 'em kindle to desire,
Whilst with soft sighs they blew the fire :
Saw the approaches of their joy,
He growing more fierce, and she less Coy,
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
Exchanging Love a thousand ways.
Kind was the force on every side,
Her new desire she could not hide :
Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd.

C 3

Impatient

Impatient he waits no consent
But what she gave by Languishment,
The blessed Minute he pursu'd;
While Love and Shame her Soul Subdu'd.
And now transported in his Arms,
Yeilds to the Conqueror all her Charmes,
His panting Breast, to hers now join'd,
They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;
Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove
The Immortality of Love.
For who but a Divinitie,
Could mingle Souls to that Degree?
Now like the *Phenix*, both Expire,
While from the Ashes of their fire,
Sprung up a new, and soft desire.
Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke,
The God! and thrice new vigor took.
Nor had the Myserie ended there,
But *Cloris* reassum'd her fear,
And chid the Swain, for having prest,
What she alas cou'd not resist:
Whilst he in whom Loves sacred flame,
Before and after was the same,

Fondly

several Occasions.

23

Fondly implor'd she wou'd forget
A fault, which he wou'd yet repeat.
From Active Joyes with some they hast,
To a Reflexion on the past;
A thousand times my Covert blefs,
That did secure their Happines :
Their Gratitude to every Tree
They pay, but most to happy me;
The Shepherdes my Bark carest,
Whilst he my Root, Love's Pillow, kist;
And did with sighs, their Fate deplore,
Since I must shelter them no more;
And if before my Joyes were such,
In having heard, and seen too much,
My Grief must be as great and high,
When all abandon'd I shall be,
Doom'd to a silent Destinie.
No more the Charming strife to hear,
The Shepherds Vows, the Virgins fear :
No more a joyful looker on,
Whilst Loves soft Battel's lost and won.

With grief I bow'd my murmuring Head,
And all my Christal Dew I shed.

C 4

Which

Which did in *Cloris* Pity move,
 (*Cloris* whose Soul is made of Love ;)
 She cut me down, and did translate,
 My being to a happier state.
 No Martyr for Religion di'd
 With half that Unconsidering Pride ;
 My top was on that Altar laid,
 Where Love his softest Offerings paid :
 And was as fragrant Incense burn'd,
 My body into Busks was turn'd :
 Where I still guard the Sacred Store,
 And of Loves Temple keep the Door.

*On the Death of Mr. Grinhil,
 the Famous Painter.*

I.

WHat doleful crys are these that
 (fright my sence,
 Sad as the Groans of dying Innocence?

The

several Occasions.

25

The killing Accents now more near Approach,
And the Infectious Sound,

Spreads and Inlarges all around; (touch.
And does all Hearts with Grief and Wonder
The famous *Grinbil* dead! even he,
That cou'd to us give Immortalitie;

Is to the Eternal silent Groves withdrawn,
Those sullen Groves of Everlasting Dawn;
Youthful as Flowers, scarce blown, whose
(opening Leaves,

A wond'rous and a fragrant Prospect gives,
Of what it's Elder Beauties wou'd display,
When they should flourish up to ripning *May*.
Witty as *Poets*, warm'd with Love and Wine,

Yet still spar'd Heaven and his Friend,
For both to him were Sacred and Divine:
Nor could he this no more then that offend.
Fixt as a *Martyr* where he friendship paid,

And Generous as a God,
Distributing his Bounties all abroad;
And soft and gentle as a Love-sick Maid.

II.

Great Master of the Noblest Myfterie,
That ever happy Knowledge did inspire ;
Sacred as that of Poetry, (admire.
And which the wond'ring World does equally
Great Natures work we do contemn,
When on his Glorious Births we meditate :
The Face and Eies, more Darts receiv'd from
Then all the Charms she can create. (him,
The Difference is, his Beauties do beget
In the inamour'd Soul a Vertuous Heat :
While Natures Groſſer Pieces move,
In the courſe road of Common Love :
So bold, yet ſoft, his touches were ;
So round each part's ſo ſweet and fair.
That as his Pencil mov'd men thought it preſt,
The Lively imitating riſing Breſt, (reſt :
Which yield like Clouds, where little Angels
The Limbs all eaſy as his Temper was ;
Strong as his Mind, and manly too ;
Large as his Soul his fancy was, and new :
And from himſelf he copyed every Grace,
For

several Occasions.

27

For he had all that cou'd adorn a Face,
All that cou'd either Sex subdue.

III.

(Pride,

Each Excellence he had that Youth has in its
And all Experienc'd Age cou'd teach,
At once the vigorous fire of this,
And every vertue which that cou'd Express.

In all the heights that both could reach;
And yet alas, in this Perfection di'd.
Dropt like a Blossom with a Northern blast,
(When all the scatter'd Leaves abroad are
(cast;)

As quick as if his fate had been in hast :

So have I seen an unfit Star,
Out-shine the rest of all the Numerous Train,
As bright as that which Guides the Marriner,
Dart swiftly from its darken'd Sphere :
And nere shall light the World again.

IV.

Ah why shou'd so much knowledge die!
Or with his last kind breath,

Why

Why cou'd he not to some one friend bequeath
The Mighty Legacie !

But 'twas a knowledge given to him alone,
That his eternis'd Name might be
Admir'd to all Posteritie,

By all to whom his grateful Name was known.

Come all ye softer Beauties, come ;

Bring Wreaths of Flowers to deck his tomb ;

Mixt with the dismal *Cypress* and the *Tew*,

For he still gave your *Charmes* their due :

And from the injuries of Age and Time,

Preserv'd the sweetness of your Prime :

And best knew how t' adore that Sweetness

(too ;

Bring all your Mournful Tributes here,

And let your Eyes a silent sorrow wear,

Till every Virgin for a while become ;

Sad as his Fate, and like his Picture's Dumb.

A Ballad on Mr. J. H. to Amoret,
asking why I was so sad.

MY Amoret, since you must know,
The Grief you say my Eyes do show:
Survey my Heart, where you shall find,
More Love then for your self confin'd.
And though you chide, you'l Pity too,
A Passion which even Rivals you.

Amyntas on a Holy-day
As fine as any Lord of *May*,
Amongst the Nymphs, and jolly Swaines,
That feed their Flocks upon the Plaines:
Met in a Grove beneath whose shade,
A Match of Dancing they had made.

His Cassock was of Green, as trim
As Grass upon a River brim;
Untoucht or sullied with a spot,
Unprest by either Lamb or Goat:

And

And with the Air it loosely play'd,
With every motion that he made.

His Sleeves a-many Ribbons ties,
Where one might read Love-Mysteries:
As if that way he wou'd impart,
To all, the Sentiments of his Heart,
Whose Passions by those Colours known,
He with a Charming Pride wou'd own.

His Bonnet with the same was Ti'd,
A Silver Scrip hung by his Side:
His Buskins garnisht A-la-mode,
Were grac'd by every step he Trod;
Like *Pan* a Majesty he took,
And like *Apollo* when he spoke.

His Hook a Wreath of Flowers did Braid,
The Present of some Love-sick Maid,
Who all the morning had bestow'd,
And to her Fancy now compos'd:
Which fresher seem'd when near that place,
To whom the Giver Captive was.

His

several Occasions.

31

His Eyes their best Attracts put on,
Designing some should be undone;
For he could at his pleasure move,
The Nymphs he lik'd to fall in Love:
Yet so he order'd every Glance,
That still they seem'd but Wounds of Chance.

He well cou'd feign an Innocence,
And taught his Silence Eloquence;
Each Smile he us'd, had got the force,
To Conquer more than soft Discourse:
Which when it serv'd his Ends he'd use,
And subtilly thro' a heart infuse.

His Wit was such it cou'd controul
The Resolutions of a Soul;
That a Religious Vow had made,
By Love it nere wou'd be betra'd:
For when he spoke he well cou'd prove
Their Errors who dispute with Love.

With all these Charms he did Address
Himself to every Shepherdess:

Until

Until the Bag-pipes which did play,
Began the Bus'ness of the day ;
And in the taking forth to Dance,
The Lovely Swain became my Chance.

To whom much Passion he did Vow,
And much his Eyes and Sighs did show ;
And both imploy'd with so much Art,
I strove in vain to guard my Heart ;
And ere the Night our Revels crost,
I was intirely won and lost.

Let me advise thee, *Amoret*,
Fly from the Baits that he has set
In every grace ; which will betray
All Beauties that but look that way :
But thou hast Charms that will secure
A Captive in this Conquerour.

Our

Our Cabal.

Come, my fair *Cloris*, come away,
Hast thou forgot 'tis Holyday?
And lovely *Silvia* too make haste,
The Sun is up, the day does waste:
Do'st thou not hear the Musick loud,
Mix'd with the murmur of the Crowd?
How can thy active Feet be still,
And hear the Bagpipes chearful Trill?

Mr. V. U.

Urania's drest as fine and gay,
As if she meant t' out-shine the day;
Or certain that no Victories
Were to be gain'd but by her Eyes;
Her Garment's white, her Garniture
The springing Beauties of the Year,
Which are in such nice Order plac'd,
That Nature is by Art disgrac'd:
Her natural Curling Ebon Hair,
Does loosely wanton in the Air.

Mr. G. V.

With her the young *Alexis* came,
 Whose Eyes dare only speak his Flame :
 Charming he is, as fair can be,
 Charming without Effeminacy ;
 Only his Eyes are languishing,
 Caus'd by the Pain he feels within ;
 Yet thou wilt say that Languishment
 Is a peculiar Ornament.
 Deck'd up he is with Pride and Care,
 All Rich and Gay, to please his Fair :
 The price of Flocks h' has made a Prey
 To th' Usual Vanity of this day.

My dear Brother J. C.

'After them *Damon* Piping came,
 Who laughs at *Cupid* and his Flame ;
 Swears, if the Boy should him approach,
 He'd burn his Wings with his own Torch :
 But he's too young for Love t' invade,
 Though for him languish many a Maid.

His

His lovely Ayr, his chearful Face,
Adorn'd with many a Youthful Grace,
Beget more Sighs then if with Arts
He should design to conquer Hearts :
The Swains as well as Nymphs submit
To's Charms of Beauty and of VVit.
He'll sing, he'll dance, he'll pipe and play,
And wanton out a Summers day ;
And wheresoever *Damon* be,
He's still the Soul o'th' Companie.

My dear Amoret, Mrs. B.

Next *Amoret*, the true Delight
Of all that do approach her sight :
The Sun in all its Course ne'er met
Ought Fair or Sweet like *Amoret*.
Alone she came, her Eyes declin'd,
In which you'l read her troubled Mind ;
Yes, *Silvia*, for she'l not deny
She loves, as well as thou and I.
'Tis *Philocles*, that Proud Ingrate,
That pays her Passion back with Hate ;

VVhilſt ſhe does all but him deſpiſe,
 And clouds the luſtre of her Eyes:
 But once to her he did addreſs,
 And dying Paſſion too expreſs;
 But ſoon the Amorous Heat was laid,
 He ſoon forgot the Vows he'd made;
 VVhilſt ſhe in every Silent Grove,
 Bewails her eaſie Faith and Love.
 Numbers of Swains do her adore,
 But ſhe has vow'd to love no more.

Mr. J. B.

Next Jolly *Thirſis* came along,
 VVith many Beauties in a Throng.

Mr. Je. B.

VVith whom the young *Amyntas* came,
 The Author of my Sighs and Flame:
 For I'll confeſs that Truth to you,
 VVhich every Look of mine can ſhow.
 Ah how unlike the reſt he appears!
 VVith Maſteſty above his years!

His

several Occasions.

37

His Eyes so much of Sweetness dress,
Such *Wit*, such *Vigour* too express ;
That 'twou'd a wonder be to say,
I've seen the Youth, and brought my Heart away.
Ah *Cloris* ! Thou that never wert
In danger yet to lose a Heart,
Guard it severely now, for he
Will startle all thy Constancy :
For if by chance thou do'st escape
Unwounded by his Lovely Shape,
Tempt not thy Ruine, lest his Eyes
Joyn with his Tongue to win the Prize :
Such Softness in his Language dwells,
And Tales of Love so well he tells,
Should'st thou attend their Harmony,
Thou'dst be Undone, as well as I ;
For sure no Nymph was ever free,
That could *Amyntas* hear and see.

Mr. N. R. V.

With him the lovely *Philocles*,
His Beauty heightned by his Dress,
If any thing can add a Grace
To such a Shape, and such a Face,

D 3

Whose

Whose Natural Ornaments impart
Enough without the help of Art.
His Shoulders cover'd with a Hair,
The Sun-Beams are not half so fair ;
Of which the Virgins Bracelets make,
And wear for *Philocleſs's* ſake :
His Beauty ſuch, that one would ſwear
His Face did never take the Air.
On's Cheeks the bluſhing Roſes ſhow,
The reſt like whiteſt Daiſies grow :
His Lips, no Berries of the Field,
Nor Cherries, ſuch a Red do yield.
His Eyes all Love, Soft'ning Smile ;
And when he ſpeaks, he ſighs the while :
His Baſhful Grace, with Bluſhes too,
Gains more then Confidence can do.
With all theſe Charms he does invade
The Heart, which when he has betray'd,
He ſlights the Trophies he has won,
And weeps for thoſe he has Undone ;
As if he never did intend
His Charms for ſo ſevere an End.
And all poor *Amores* can Gain,
Is pitty from the Lovely Swain :

And

And if Inconstancy can seem
Agreeable, 'tis so in him.
And when he meets Reproach for it,
He does excuse it with his Wit.

Mr. E. B. and Mrs. F. M.

Next hand in hand the smiling Pair,
Martillo, and the Lovely Fair:
A Bright-Ey'd *Phillis*, who they say,
Ne'er knew what Love was till to day:
Long has the Gen'rous Youth in vain
Implor'd some Pity for his Pain.
Early abroad he would be seen,
To wait her coming on the Green,
To be the first that t' her should pay
The Tribute of the New-born Day;
Presents her Bracelets with their Names,
And Hooks carv'd out with Hearts and Flames.
And when a stragling Lamb he saw,
And she not by to give it Law,
The pretty Fugitive he'd deck
With Wreaths of Flowers around its Neck;

And gave her ev'ry mark of Love,
 Before he could her Pity move.
 But now the Youth no more appears
 Clouded with Jealousies and Fears:
 Nor yet dares *Phillis* softer Brow
 Wear Unconcern, or Coldness now;
 But makes him just and kind Returns;
 And as He does, so now She burns.

Mr. J. H.

Next *Lysidas*, that haughty Swain,
 With many Beauties in a Train,
 All fighting for the Swain, whilst he
 Barely returns Civility.
 Yet once to each much Love he Vow'd,
 And strange Fantastique Passion shew'd,
 Poor *Doris*, and *Lucinda* too,
 And many more whom thou dost know,
 Who had not power his Charms to shun,
 Too late do find themselves Undone.
 His Eyes are Black, and do transcend
 All Fancy e'er can comprehend!

several Occasions.

41

And yet no Softness in 'em move,
They kill with Fierceness, not with Love:
Yet he can dress 'em when he list,
With Sweetness none can e'er resist.
His Tongue no Amorous Parley makes,
But with his Looks alone he speaks.
And though he languish yet he'll hide,
That grateful knowledge with his Pride;
And thinks his Liberty is lost,
Not in the Conquest, but the Boast.
Nor will but Love enough impart,
To gain and to secure a heart:
Of which no sooner he is sure,
And that its Wounds are past all Cure.
But for New Victories he prepares,
And leaves the Old to its Despairs:
Success his Boldness does renew,
And Boldness helps him Conquer too:
He having gain'd more hearts than all,
Th' rest of the Pastoral Cabal.

Mr.

Mr. Ed. Bed.

With him *Philander*, who nere paid
 A Sigh or Tear to any Maid :
 So innocent and young he is,
 He cannot guess what Passion is.
 But all the Love he ever knew,
 On *Lycidas* he does bestow :
 Who pays his Tenderness again ,
 Too Amorous for a Swain to a Swain.
 A softer Youth was never seen,
 His Beauty Maid; but Man, his Mein :
 And much more gay than all the rest;
 And but *Alexis* finest Dress'd,
 His Eyes towards *Lycidas* still turn,
 As sympathizing Flowers to the Sun ;
 Whilst *Lycidas* whose Eyes dispense
 No less a grateful Influence ,
 Improves his Beauty, which still fresher grows:
 Who would not under two such Suns as those ?
Cloris you sigh, what Amorous grown ?
Pan grant you keep your heart at home ;
 For I have often heard you Vow,

If any cou'd your heart subdue,
 Though *Lycidas* you nere had seen,
 It must be him, or one like him :
 Alas I cannot yet forget,
 How we have with *Amyntas* sat
 Beneath the Boughs for Summer made,
 Our heated Flocks and Us to shade :
 Where thou wou'dst wond'rous Stories tell,
 Of this Agreeable Infidel.
 By what Devices, Charms and Arts,
 He us'd to gain and keep his Hearts :
 And whilst his Falsehood we wou'd Blame,
 Thou wou'dst commend and praise the same.
 And did no greater pleasure take,
 Then when of *Lycidas* we spake ;
 By this and many Sighs we know,
 Thou'rt sensible of Loving too.
 Come *Cloris*, come along with us,
 And try thy power with *Lycidas* ;
 See if that Vertue which you prize,
 Be proof against those Conquering Eyes.
 That Heart that can no Love admit,
 Will hardly stand his shock of VVit ;

Come

Come deck thee then in all that's fine,
 Perhaps the Conquest may be thine;
 They all attend, let's hast to do,
 What Love and Musick calls us to.

S O N G.

The Willing Mistress,

A *Myntas* led me to a Grove,
 Where all the Trees did shade us;
 The Sun it self, though it had Strove,
 It could not have betray'd us:
 The place secur'd from humane Eyes,
 No other fear allows,
 But when the Winds that gently rise,
 Doe Kiss the yeilding Boughs.

Down there we satt upon the Moss,
 And did begin to play
 A Thousand Amorous Tricks, to pass
 The heat of all the day.

several Occasions.

45

A many Kisses he did give :
And I return'd the same
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd
To tell their softning Tale ;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas Easy to prevaile.
He did but Kifs and Clasp me round ,
Whilst those his thoughts Express :
And lay'd me gently on the Ground ;
Ah who can guess the rest ?

S O N G.

Love Arm'd.

Love in Fantastique Triumph satt ;
Whilst Bleeding Hearts a round him flow'd ,
For whom Fresh paines he did Create ,
And strange Tyranick power he show'd ;

From

from thy Bright Eyes he took his fire ,
Which round about , in sport he hurl'd ;
But 'twas from mine , he took desire ,
Enough to undo the Amorous World.

From me he took his sighs and tears ,
From thee his Pride and Crueltie ;
From me his Languishments and Feares ,
And every Killing Dart from thee ;
Thus thou and I , the God have arm'd ,
And sett him up a Deity ;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd ,
Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.

S O N G.

The Complaint.

A *Myntas* that true hearted Swaine,
Upon a Rivers Banck was lay'd,
Where to the Pittying streames he did Com:
On *Silvia* that false Charming Maid. (plaine
VWhile shee was still regardless of his paine.
Ah!

Ah! Charming *Silvia*, would he cry ;
And what he said, the *Echoes* wou'd reply :
Be kind or else I dy, *Ech* : -- I dy
Be kind or else I dy : *Ech* : -- I dy.

Those smiles and Kisses which you give,
Remember *Sylvia* are my due ;
And all the Joyes my Rivall does receive,
He ravishes from me not you :

Ah *Silvia* ! can I live and this believe?
Insensibles are toucht to see
My Languishments, and seem to pittie me :
Which I demand of thee : *Ech* -- of thee
Which I demand of thee *Ech* : -- of thee.

Set by Mr. Banister.

S O N G.

The Invitation.

D^{Amon} I cannot blame your will ,
'Twas Chance and not Design did kill ;
For

For whilst you did prepare your Charmes,
 On purpose *Silvia* to subdue:
 I met the Arrows as they flew,
 And sav'd her from their harms.

Alas she cannot make returnes,
 Who for a Swaine already Burnes;
 A Shepherd whom she does Carefs:
 With all the softest marks of Love,
 And 'tis in vaine thou seek'st to move,
 The cruel Shepherdes.

Content thee with this Victory,
 Think me as faire and young as she:
 I'll make thee *Garlands* all the day;
 And in the Groves we'll sit and sing;
 I'll Crown thee with the pride o'th' Spring,
 When thou art Lord of *May*.

S O N G.

VV Hen *Jemmy* first began to Love,
 He was the Gayest Swaine.
 That ever yet a Flock had drove,
 Or danc't upon the Plaine.

'Twas

Several Occasions.

49

T'was then that I, weys me poor : Heart,
My Freedom threw away ;
And finding sweets in every smart,
I cou'd not say him nay.

And ever when he talkt of Love,
He wou'd his Eyes decline ;
And every sigh, a Heart would move,
Gued Faith and why not mine ?
He'd press my hand, and Kifs it oft,
In silence spoke his Flame.

And whilst he treated me thus soft,
I wisht him more to Blame.

Sometimes to feed my Flocks with him,
My *Jemmy* wou'd Invite me :
Where he the Gayest Songs wou'd sing,
On purpose to delight me ;
And *Jemmy* every Grace displayd,
Which were enough I trow,
To Conquer any Princely Maid,
So did he me I vow.

E

But

But now for *Jemmy* must I mourn,
 VVho to the VVarrs must go;
 His Sheephooke to a Sword must turne:
 Alack what shall I do?
 His Bag-pipe into War-like Sounds,
 Must now Exchanged bee:
 Instead of Braceletts, fearful Wounds;
 Then what becomes of me?

*To Mr. Creech (under the Name
 of Daphnis) on his Excellent
 Translation of Lucretius.*

THou great Young Man! Permit amongst
 (the Crowd
 Of those that sing thy mighty Praises lowd,
 My humble *Muse* to bring its Tribute too.
 Inspir'd by thy vast flight of Verse,
 Methinks I should some wondrous thing re-
 (hearse;
 Worthy Divine *Lucretius*, and Diviner Thou.
 But

Several Occasions.

51

But I of Feebler Seeds design'd;

Whilst the slow moving Atomes strove,

With careless heed to form my Mind:

Compos'd it all of Softer Love.

In gentle Numbers all my Songs are Drest,

And when I would thy Glories sing,

What in strong manly Verse I would express,

Turns all to Womannish Tenderness within.

Whilst that which Admiration does inspire,

In other Souls, kindles in mine a Fire.

Let them admire thee on--Whilst I this newer

Pay thee yet more than they : (way

For more I owe, since thou hast taught me more,

Then all the mighty Bards that went before.

Others long since have Pal'd the vast delight;

In duller *Greek* and *Latin* satisfy'd the Appetite :

But I unlearn'd in Schools, disdain that mine

Should treated be at any Feast but thine.

Till now, I curst my Birth, my Education,

And more the scant'd Customes of the Nation :

Permitting not the Female Sex to tread,

The Mighty Paths of Learned Heroes dead.

The God-like *Virgil*, and great *Homers* Verse,

Like Divine Mysteries are conceal'd from us.

We are forbid all grateful Theams,
 No ravishing thoughts approach our Ear,
 The Fulsom Gingle of the times,
 Is all we are allow'd to understand or hear.

But as of old, when men unthinking lay,
 Ere Gods were worshipt, or ere Laws were fram'd
 The wiser Bard that taught 'em first t' obey,
 Was next to what he taught, ador'd and fam'd;
 Gentler they grew, their words and manners
 (chang'd,

And salvage now no more the Woods they rang'd.

So thou by this Translation dost advance
 Our Knowledg from the State of Ignorance,
 And equals us to Man: Ah how can we,
 Enough Adore, or Sacrifice enough to thee!

The Mystick Terms of Rough Philosophy,
 Thou dost so plain and easily express;
 Yet Deck'st them in so soft and gay a Dress:
 So intelligent to each Capacity,
 That they at once Instruct and Charm the Sense,
 VVith heights of Fancy, heights of Eloquence;

And

several Occasions.

53

And Reason over all Unfetter'd plays,
VVanton and undisturb'd as Summers Breeze;
That gliding murmurs o're the Trees:
And no hard Notion meets or stops its way.

It Pierces, Conquers and Compels,
Beyond poor Feeble Faith's dull Oracles.

Faith the despairing Souls content,
Faith the Last Shift of Routed Argument.

Hail Sacred *Wadham*! whom the Muses Grace
And from the Rest of all the Reverend Pile
Of Noble Pallaces, design'd thy Space:

Where they in soft retreat might dwell.
They blest thy Fabrick, and said---Do thou,

Our Darling Sons contain;
We thee our Sacred Nursery Ordain;

They said and blest, and it was so.
And if of old the Fanes of Silvian Gods,

Were worshippt as Divine *Abodes*;
If Courts are held as Sacred Things,
For being the Awful Seats of Kings.

What Veneration should be paid,
To thee that hast such wondrous Poets made!

To Gods for fear, Devotion was design'd,
 And Safety made us bow to Majesty;
 Poets by Nature Aw and Charm the Mind,
 Are born not made by dull Religion or Necessity.

The Learned *Thirsis* did to thee belong,
 Who *Athens* Plague has so divinely Sung.
Thirsis to wit, as sacred friendship true,
 Paid Mighty *Cowley's* Memory its due:
Thirsis who whilst a greater Plague did reign,
 Then that which *Athens* did Depopulate:
 Scattering Rebellious Fury o're the Plain,
 That threatn'd Ruine to the Church and State,
 Unmov'd he stood, and fear'd no Threats of Fate.
 That Loyal Champion for the Church & Crown,
 That Noble Ornament of the Sacred Gown,
 Still did his Sovereign's Cause Espouse;
 And was above the Thanks of the mad Senate-
 (house.
Strepson the Great, whom last you sent abroad,
 Who VVrit, and Lov'd, & Lookt like any God;
 For whom the Muses mourn, the Love-sick Maids
 Are Languishing in Melancholly Shades.

several Occasions.

55

The *Cupid's* flag their Wings, their Bows untie,
And useless Quivers hang neglected by,
And scatter'd Arrows all around 'em lye.
By murmuring Brooks the careless Deities are
(laid,
Weeping their rifled power now Noble *Stre-*
phon's Dead.

Ah Sacred *Wadhams* ! should'st thou never own
But this delight of all Mankind and thine;
For Ages past of Dulness, this alone,
This Charming Hero would Attonis.
And make thee Glorious to succeeding time;
But thou like Natures self disdain'st to be,
Stinted to Singularity.

Even as fast as she thou dost produce,
And over all the Sacred Mystery infuse.

No sooner was fam'd *Strephon's* Glory set,
Strephon the Soft, the Lovely and the Great;
But *Daphnis* rises like the Morning-Star,
That guides the VVandering Traveller from

(afar.

Daphnis whom every Grace, and Muse inspires,

E 4

Scarce

Scarce *Strephons* Ravishing Poetick Fires
So kindly warm, or so divinely Cheer.

Advance Young *Daphnis*, as thou hast begun,
So let thy Mighty Race be run.

Thou in thy large Poetick Chace,
Begin'st where others end the Race.

If now thy Grateful Numbers are so strong,
If they so early can such Graces show,
Like Beauty so surprizing, when so Young,
VWhat *Daphnis* will thy Riper Judgment do,
When thy Unbounded Verse in their own

(Streams shall flow !

What Wonder will they not produce,
When thy Immortal Fancy's loose ;
Unfetter'd, Unconfin'd by any other Muse !

Advance Young *Daphnis* then, and may'st thou
Still Sacred in thy Poetry and Love. (prove

May all the Groves with *Daphnis* Songs be blest,
Whilst every Bark is with thy Disticks drest.

May Timorous Maids learn how to Love from
And the Glad Shepherd Arts of Eloquence. (thence
And when to Solitude thou woud'st Retreat,
May their tun'd Pipes thy Welcome celebrate.

And

And all the Nymphs strow Garlands at thy Feet.
 May all the Purling Streams that murmuring pass,
 The Shady Groves and Banks of Flowers,
 The kind reposing Beds of Grass,
 Contribute to their Softer Hours.
 Mayst thou thy Muse and Mistress there Caress,
 And may one deighten to 'thers Happinels!
 And whilst thou so divinely dost converse,
 We are content to know and to admire thee In
 thy Sacred Verse.

*To Mrs. W. On her Excellent Verses
 (Writ in Praise of some I had made
 on the Earl of Rochester) Written
 in a Fit of Sickness.*

Enough kind Heaven! to purpose I have liv'd
 And all my Sighs & Languishments surviv'd.
 My Stars in vain their fullen influence have shed,
 Round my till now Unlucky Head:
 I pardon all the Silent Hours I've griev'd,
 My Weary Nights, and Melancholy Days;

When

When no Kind Power my Pain Reliev'd,
 I lose you all, you sad Remembrancers,
 I lose you all in New-born Joys,
 Joys that will dissipate my Falling Tears.
 The Mighty Soul of *Rocheſter's* reviv'd,
 Enough Kind Heaven to purpoſe I have liv'd.
 I ſaw the Lovely *Phantom*, no Diſguiſe,
 Veil'd the bleſt Viſion from my Eyes, (prize.
 'Twas all o're *Rocheſter* that pleas'd and did ſur-
 Sad as the Grave I ſat by Glimmering Light,
 Such as attends Departing Souls by Night.
 Penſive as abſent Lovers left alone,
 Or my poor Dove, when his Fond Mate was gone.
 Silent as Groves when only Whispering Gales,
 Sigh through the Ruſhing Leaves,
 As ſoftly as a Baſhful Shepherd Breaths,
 To his Lov'd Nymph his Amorous Tales.
 So dull I was, ſcarce Thought a Subject found,
 Dull as the Light that gloom'd around ;
 When lo the Mighty Spirit appear'd,
 All Gay, all Charming to my ſight ;
 My Drooping Soul it Rais'd and Cheer'd,
 And caſt about a Dazling Light.

In

Several Occasions.

59

In every part there did appear,
The Great, the God-like *Rochester*,
His Softness all, his Sweetness everywhere.

It did advance, and with a Generous Look,
To me Address'd, to worthless me it spoke :
With the same wonted Grace my Muse it prais'd,
With the same Goodness did my Faults Correct :
And Careful of the Fame himself first rais'd,
Obligingly it School'd my loose Neglect.
The soft, the moving Accents soon I knew
The gentle Voice made up of Harmony ;
Through the Known Paths of my glad Soul it
I knew it straight, it could no others be, (flew ;
'Twas not Alied but very very he.

So the All-Ravisht Swain that hears
The wondrous Musick of the Sphears,
For ever does the grateful Sound retain,
Whilst all his Oaten Pipes and Reeds.
The Rural Musick of the Groves and Meads,
Strive to divert him from the Heavenly Song
(in vain.

He hates their harsh and Untun'd Lays,
Which now no more his Soul and Fancy raise.
But

But if one Note of the remembred Air
 He chance again to hear,
 He starts, and in a transport cries,—*'Tis there!*
 He knows it all by that one little taste, (rest.
 And by that grateful Hint remembers all the
 Great, Good, and Excellent, by what new way
 Shall I my humble Tribute pay,
 For this vast Glory you my Muse have done,
 For this great Condescension shown!
 So Gods of old sometimes laid by
 Their Awful Trains of Majesty, (and Plains,
 And chang'd ev'n Heav'n a while for Groves
 And to their Fellow-Gods preferr'd the lowly
 Swains.

And Beds of Flow'rs would oft compare
 To those of Downey Clouds, or yielding Air;
 At Purling Streams would drink in homely
 Shells;
 Put off the God, to Revel it in Woods and Shep.
 (herd's Cells;
 Would listen to their Rustick Songs, and show
 Such Divine Goodness in Commending too,
 Whilst the transported Swain the Honour pays
 With humble Adoration, humble Praise,
 The

*The Sence of a Letter sent me, made
into Verse; To a New Tune.*

I

IN vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove
Of a Heart that can ne'er give Admittance
So hard to be won, (to Love:
That nothing so young,
Could e'er have resisted a Passion so long.

II

But nothing I left unattempted or said,
To soften the Heart of the Pityless Maid;
Yet still she was shy,
And would blushing deny,
Whilst her willinger Eyes gave her Language the
(Lye.

III.

When before the Impregnable Fort I lay down,
I resolv'd or to die, or to Purchase Renown,
But

But how vain was the Boast!

All the Glory I lost,

(Post.

And now vanquish'd and sham'd I've quitted my

The Return.

I.

A *Myntas* whilst you
 Have an Art to subdue,
 And can conquer a Heart with a Look or a Smile,
 You Pityless grow,
 And no Faith will allow;
 'Tis the Glory you seek when you rifle the Spoil.

II.

Your soft warring Eyes,
 When prepar'd for the Prize,
 Can laugh at the Aids of my feeble Disdain;
 You can humble the Foe,
 And soon make her to know
 Tho' she arms her with Pride, her Efforts are but
 (vain.

III.

III.

But Shepherd beware,
Though a Victor you are ;
A Tyrant was never secure in his Throne ;
Whilst proudly you aim
New Conquests to gain,
Some hard-hearted Nymph may return you your
(own.

*On a Copy of Verses made in a Dream,
and sent to me in a Morning before I
was Awake.*

A *Myntas*, if your Wit in Dreams
Can furnish you with Theams,
What must it do when your Soul looks abroad,
Quick'nd with Agitations of the Sence,
And dispossess'd of Sleeps dull heavy Load,
When ev'ry Syllable has Eloquence ?
And if by Chance such Wounds you make,
And in your Sleep such welcome Mischiefs do ;
What

What are your Pow'rs when you're awake,
Directed by Design and Reason too?

I slept, as duller Mortals use,
Without the Musick of a Thought,
VVhen by a gentle Breath, soft as thy Muse,
Thy Name to my glad Ear was brought:
Amyntas! cry'd the Page——And at the Sound,
My list'ning Soul unusual Pleasure found.
So the Harmonious *Spheres* surprize,
VVhilst the All-Ravish'd *Shepherd* gazes round,
And wonders whence the Charms should rise,
That can at once both please and wound.
VVhilst trembling I unript the *Seal*
Of what you'd sent,
My Heart with an Impatient Zeal,
VVithout my Eyes, would needs reveal
Its Bus'ness and Intent.

But so beyond the *Scene* they were
Of ev'ry scribbling Lovers common Art,
That now I find an equal share
Of Love and Admiration in my Heart.
And while I read, in vain I strove
To hide the Pleasure which I took;

Belario

several Occasions.

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Bellario saw in ev'ry Look

My smiling Joy and blushing Love.

Soft ev'ry word, easie each Line, and true;

Brisk, witty, manly, strong and gay;

The Thoughts are tender all, and new,

And Fancy ev'ry where does gently play.

Amyntas if you thus go on,

Like an unwearied Conqueror day and night,

The World at last must be undone.

You do not only kill at sight,

But like a *Parthian* in your flight.

Whether you Rally or Retreat,

You still have Arrows for Defeat.

To my Lady Morland at Tunbrige.

AS when a Conqu'rouer does in Triumph
(come,
And proudly leads the vanquish'd Captives home,
The Joyful People croud in ev'ry Street,
And with loud shouts of Praise the Victor greet;

F

While

While some whom Chance or Fortune kept away,
 Desire at least the Story of the Day ;
 How brave the Prince, how gay the Chariot was,
 How beautiful he look'd, with what a Grace ;
 Whether upon his Head he Plumes did wear ;
 Or if a Wreath of Bays adorn'd his Hair :
 They hear 'tis wondrous fine, and long much
 To see the *Hero* then they did before. (more
 So when the Marvels by Report I knew,
 Of how much Beauty, *Cloris*, dwelt in you ;
 How many *Slaves* your Conqu'ring Eyes had
 (won,
 And how the gazing Crowd admiring throng :
 I wish'd to see, and much a Lover grew
 Of so much Beauty, though my Rivals too.
 I came and saw, and blest my Destiny ;
 I found it Just you should out-Rival me. (giv'n
 'Twas at the Altar, where more Hearts were
 To you that day, then were address'd to Heav'n.
 The Rev'rend Man whose Age and Mystery
 Had rendred Youth and Beauty Vanity,
 By fatal Chance casting his Eyes your way,
 Mistook the duller Bus'ness of the Day,
 Forgot the Gospel, and began to Pray.

} Whilft

Whilst the Enamour'd Crowd that near you }
 (prest, }
 Receiving *Darts* which none could e'er resist, }
 Neglected the Mistake o'th' Love-sick Priest. }
 Ev'n my Devotion, *Cloris*, you betray'd;
 And I to Heaven no other Petition made,
 But that you might all other Nymphs out-do
 In Cruelty as well as Beauty too.
 I call'd *Amyntas* Faithless *Swain* before,
 But now I find 'tis Just he should Adore.
 Not to love you, a wonder sure would be,
 Greater then all his Perjuries to me.
 And whilst I Blame him; I Excuse him too;
 Who would not venture Heav'n to purchase you?
 But Charming *Cloris*, you too meanly prize
 The more deserving Glories of your Eyes,
 If you permit him on an Amorous score,
 To be your *Slave*, who was my *Slave* before.
 He oft has Fetters worn, and can with ease
 Admit 'em or dismiss 'em when he please.
 A Virgin-Heart you merit, that ne'er found
 It could receive, till from your Eyes, the *Wound*;
 A Heart that nothing but your Force can fear,
 And own a *Soul* as Great as you are Fair.

Song to Ceres.

In the Wavering Nymph, or Mad Amyntas.

I.

Ceres, Great Goddess of the bounteous Year,
Who load'st the Teeming Earth with Gold
(and Grain,
Blessing the Labours of th' Industrious Swain,
And to their Complaints inclin'st thy gracious Ear :
Behold two fair *Cicilian* Lovers lie
Prostrate before thy Deity ;
Imploring thou wilt grant the Just Desires
Of two Chaste Hearts that burn with equal Fires.

II.

Amyntas he, brave, generous and young ;
Whom yet no Vice his Youth has e'er betray'd :
And Chaste *Urania* is the Lovely Maid ;
His Daughter who has serv'd thy Altars long,
As thy High Priest : A Dowry he demands
At the young Amorous Shepherds hands :

Say

Say, gentle Goddess, what the Youth must give,
E'er the Bright Maid he can from thee receive.

*Song in the same Play, by the Waver-
ing Nymph.*

PAN grant that I may never prove
So great a *Slave* to fall in love,

And to an Unknown *Deity*

Resign my happy Liberty :

I love to see the Amorous *Swains*

Unto my Scorn their Hearts resign :

With Pride I see the Meads and Plains

Throng'd all with *Slaves*, and they all mine :

Whilst I the whining Fools despise,

That pay their Homage to my Eyes.

The Disappointment.

I.

One day the Amorous *Lyfander*,
By an impatient Passion sway'd,
Surpriz'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
Who could defend her self no longer.
All things did with his Love conspire;
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the VWorld,
But what from *Cloris* Brighter Eyes was hurld.

II.

In a lone Thicket made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids Consent,
She with a Charming Languishment,
Permits his Force, yet gently strove;
Her Hands his Bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back design'd,
Rather to draw 'em on inclin'd:

several Occasions.

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VVhilst he lay trembling at her Feet,
Resistance 'tis in vain to show ;
She wants the pow'r to say—*Ah! What d'ye do?*

III.

Her Bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,
VVhere Love and Shame confus'dly strive,
Fresh Vigor to *Lysander* give ;
And breathing faintly in his Ear,
She cry'd—*Cease, Cease—your vain Desire,*
Or I'll call out——What would you do?
My Dearer Honour ev'n to You
I cannot, must not give—Retire,
Or take this Life, whose chieftest part
I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.

IV.

But he as much unus'd to Fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The blessed minutes to improve,
Kisses her Mouth, her Neck, her Hair ;
Each Touch her new Desire Alarms,
His burning trembling Hand he prest
Upon her swelling Snowy Brest,

F 4

VVhile

VWhile she lay panting in his Arms.
 All her Unguarded Beauties lie
 The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

V.

And now without Respect or Fear,
 He seeks the Object of his Vows,
 (His Love no Modesty allows)
 By swift degrees advancing—where
 His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,
 VWhere Gods of Love do sacrifice:
 That Awful Throne, that Paradise
 VWhere Rage is calm'd, and Anger pleas'd;
 That Fountain where Delight still flows,
 And gives the Universal VWorld Repose.

VI.

Her Balmy Lips incountring his,
 Their Bodies, as their Souls, are joyn'd;
 VWhere both in Transports Unconfin'd
 Extend themselves upon the Moss.
Cloris half dead and breathless lay;
 Her soft Eyes cast a Humid Light,
 Such as divides the Day and Night;

Or

several Occasions.

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Or falling Stars, whose Fires decay :
(And now no signs of Life she shows,
But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns & goes.

VII.

He saw how at her Length she lay ;
He saw her rising Bosom bare ;
Her loose thin *Rohes*, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play ;
Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame.
She does her softest Joys dispence,
Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence
A Victim to Loves Sacred Flame ;
While the o'er-Ravish'd Shepherd lies
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

VIII.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,
The too transported hapless Swain
Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain ;
Pleasure which too much Love destroys :
The willing Garments by he laid,
And Heaven all open'd to his view,
Mad to possess, himself he threw

On

On the Defenceless Lovely Maid.
 But Oh what envying God conspires
 To snatch his Power, yet leave him the Desire!

IX.

Nature's Support, (without whose Aid
 She can no Humane Being give)
 It self now wants the Art to live ;
 Faintness its slack'ned Nerves invade :
 In vain th' enraged Youth essay'd
 To call its fleeting Vigor back,
 No motion 'twill from Motion take ;
 Excess of Love his Love betray'd :
 In vain he Toils, in vain Commands ;
 The Insensible fell weeping in his Hand.

X.

In this so Amorous Cruel Strife,
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,
 The poor *Lysander* in despair
 Renounc'd his Reason with his Life :
 Now all the brisk and active Fire
 That should the Nobler Part inflame,
 Serv'd to increase his Rage and Shame,

And

And left no Spark for New Desire ;
Not all her Naked Charms cou'd move
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

XI.

Cloris returning from the Trance
Which Love and soft Desire had bred,
Her timerous Hand she gently laid
(Or guided by Design or Chance)
Upon that Fabulous *Priapus*,
That Potent God, as Poets feign ;
But never did young *Shepherdes*,
Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain,
More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake :

XII.

Than *Cloris* her fair Hand withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his Awful Fires, (Dew.
And Cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning-
Who can the *Nymph's* Confusion guess ?
The Blood forsook the hinder Place,
And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,
Which

Which both Disdain and Shame exprest ;
 And from *Lysander's* Arms she fled,
 Leaving him fainting on the Gloomy Bed.

XIII.

Like Lightning through the Grove she hies,
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God,
 No Print upon the grassy Road
 She leaves, t' instruct Pursuing Eyes.
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,
 And with her Ruffled Garments plaid,
 Discover'd in the Flying Maid
 All that the Gods e'er made, if Fair,
 So *Venus*, when her *Love* was slain,
 With Fear and Haste flew o'er the Fatal Plain.

XIV.

The *Nymph's* Resentments none but I
 Can well Imagine or Condole ;
 But none can guess *Lysander's* Soul,
 But those who sway'd his Destiny.
 His silent Griefs swell up to Storms,
 And not one God his Fury spares ;
 He curs'd his Birth, his Fate, his Stars ;

But

But more the *Shepherdes's* Charms,
Whose soft bewitching Influence
Had Damn'd him to the *Hell* of Impotence.

*On a Locket of Hair Wove in a True-
Loves Knot, given me by Sir R.O.*

WHat means this Knot, in Mystick Order
(Ty'd,
And which no Humane Knowledge can divide?
Not the Great Conqu'rous Sword can this undo
Whose very Beauty would divert the Blow.

Bright Relique! Shrouded in a Shrine of Gold!
Less Myst'ry made a Deity of Old.
Fair Charmer! Tell me by what pow'rful Spell
You into this Confused Order fell?
If Magick could be wrought on things Divine,
Some *Amorous Sybil* did thy Form design
In some soft hour, which the Prophetick Maid
In Nobler Mysteries of Love employ'd,
Wrought thee a Hieroglyphick, to express
The wanton God in all his Tenderneſs;

Thus

Thus shaded, and thus all adorn'd with Charms,
 Harmless, Unfletch'd, without Offensive Arms,
 He us'd of Old in shady Groves to Play,
 E'er *Swains* broke Vows, or *Nymphs* were vain }
 Or Love himself had Wings to fly away. (and coy,

Or was it (his Almighty Pow'r to prove)
 Design'd a Quiver for the God of Love?
 And all these shining Hairs which th'inspir'd Maid
 Has with such strange Mysterious Fancy laid,
 Are meant his Shafts; the subt'lest surest Darts
 That ever Conqu'ring or Secur'd his Hearts;
 Darts that such tender Passions do convey,
 Not the young Wounder is more soft than they.

'Tis so; the Riddle I at last have learn'd:
 But found it when I was too far concern'd.

The Dream. A Song.

I.

THe Grove was gloomy all around,
 Murm'ring the Streams did pass,
 Where fond *Astrea* laid her down
 Upon a Bed of Grass.

I slept and saw a piteous sight,
Cupid a weeping lay,
 Till both his little Stars of Light
 Had wept themselves away.

II.

Methought I ask'd him why he cry'd,
 My Pity led me on :
 All sighing the sad Boy reply'd,
 Alas I am undone !

As I beneath yon Myrtles lay,
 Down by *Diana's* Springs,
Amyntas stole my Bow away,
 And Pinion'd both my Wings.

III.

Alas ! cry'd I, 'twas then thy Darts
 Wherewith he wounded me :
 Thou Mighty *Deity* of Hearts,
 He stole his Pow'r from thee.

Revenge thee, if a God thou be,
 Upon the *Amorous Swain* ;
 I'll set thy Wings at Liberty,
 And thou shalt fly again.

IV.

IV.

And for this Service on my Part,
 All I implore of thee,
 Is, That thou't wound *Amyntas* Heart,
 And make him die for me.
 His Silken Fetters I Unty'd,
 And the gay Wings display'd;
 Which gently fann'd, he mounts and cry'd,
 Farewel fond easie Maid.

V.

At this I blush'd, and angry grew
 I should a God believe;
 And waking found my Dream too true,
 Alas I was a Slave.

*A Letter to a Brother of the Pen in
 Tribulation.*

Poor *Damon*! Art thou caught? Is't ev'n so?
 Art thou become a * *Tabernacler* too?

* So be called a *Sweating-Tub*.

Where

Where sure thou dost not mean to Preach or Pray,
Unless it be the clean contrary way :

This holy (a) time I little thought thy sin
Deserv'd a *Tub* to do its Pennance in.

O how you'll for th' *Egyptian Flesh-pots* wish,
When you'r half-famish'd with your Lenten-dish,
Your *Almonds, Currans, Biskets* hard and dry,
Food that will Soul and Body mortifie :

Damn'd Penetential Drink, that will infuse
Dull Principles into thy Grateful Muse.

—Pox on't that you must needs be fooling now,
Just when the Wits had greatest (b) need of you.

Was Summer then so long a coming on,

That you must make an Artificial one ? (Brain
Much good may't do thee ; but 'tis thought thy
E'er long will wish for cooler Days again.

For Honesty no more will I engage :

I durst have sworn thou'dst had thy Puffillage.

Thy Looks the whole Cabal have cheated too ;

But thou wilt say, most of the Wits do so.

Is this thy writing (c) Plays ? who thought thy
An Interlude of Whoring would admit ? (Wit

(a) Lent. (b) I wanted a Prologue to a Play. (c) He pretended to
Retire, & Write.

To Poetry no more thou'lt be inclin'd,
 Unless in Verse to damn all VVoman-kind :
 And 'tis but Just thou shouldst in Rancor grow
 Against that Sex that has Confin'd thee so.

All things in Nature now are Brisk and Gay
 At the Approaches of the *Blooming May* :
 The new-fetch'd Birds do in our Arbors sing
 A Thousand Aires to welcome in the Spring ;
 VVhilst ev'ry Swain is like a Bridegroom drest,
 And ev'ry Nymph as going to a Feast :
 The Meadows now their flowry Garments wear,
 And ev'ry Grove does in its Pride appear :
 VVhilst thou poor *Damon* in close Rooms art pent,
 Where hardly thy own Breath can find a vent.
 Yet that too is a Heaven, compar'd to th' Task
 Of Codling every Morning in a Cask.

Now I could curse this Female, but I know,
 She needs it not, that thus cou'd handle you.
 Besides, that Vengeance does to thee belong,
 And 'twere Injustice to disarm thy Tongue.
 Curse then, dear Swain, that all the Youth may
 And from thy dire Mishap be taught to fear. (hear,
 Curse till thou hast undone the Race, and all
 That did contribute to thy Spring and Fall.

The Reflection: A Song.

I.

POOR Lost *Serena*, to Bemoan
The Rigor of her Fate,
High'd to a Rivers-side alone,
Upon whose Brinks she sat.
Her Eyes, as if they would have spar'd,
The Language of her Tongue,
In Silent Tears a while declar'd
The Sense of all her wrong.

II.

But they alas too feeble were,
Her Grief was swoln too high
To be Exprest in Sighs and Tears;
She must or speak or dye.
And thus at last she did complain,
Is this the Faith, said she,
Which thou allowest me, *Cruel Swain*,
For that I gave to thee?

G 2

III.

III.

Heaven knows with how much Innocence
I did my Soul Incline
To thy Soft Charmes of Eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.
I had not one Reserve in Store,
But at thy Feet I lay'd
Those Arms that Conquer'd heretofore,
Tho' now thy Trophies made.

IV.

Thy Eyes in Silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way ,
That 'twas as easie to Prevail,
As after to Betray.
And when you spoke my Listning Soul,
Was on the Flattery Hung :
And I was lost without Controul,
Such Musick grac'd thy Tongue.

V.

Alas how long in vain you strove
My coldness to divert !

several Occasions.

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How long besieg'd it round with Love,
Before you won the Heart.
What Arts you us'd, what Presents made,
What Songs, what Letters writ :
And left no Charm that cou'd invade,
Or with your Eyes or Wit.

VI.

Till by such Obligations Prest,
By such dear Perjuries won :
I heedlessly Resign'd the rest,
And quickly was undone.
For as my Kindling Flames increase,
Yours glimmeringly decay:
The Risted Joys no more can Please,
That once oblig'd your Stay.

VII.

Witness ye Springs, ye Meads and Groves,
Who oft were conscious made
To all our Hours and Vows of Love;
Witness how I'm Betray'd.
Trees drop your Leaves, be Gay no more,
Ye Rivers waste and drye :
Whilst on your Melancholy Shore,
I lay me down and dye.

S O N G.

To Pesibles Tune,

I

Twas when the Fields were gay,
 The Groves and every Tree;
 Just when the God of Day,
 Grown weary of his Sway,
 Descended to the Sea,
 And Gloomy Light around did all the World
 'Twas then the Hapless Swain, (survey,
Amyntas, to Complain
 Of *Silvia's* cold Disdain,
 Retir'd to Silent Shades;
 Where by a Rivers Side,
 His Tears did swell the Tide,
 As he upon the Brink was lay'd,

II.

Ye Gods, he often cry'd,
 Why did your Powers design

In *Silvia* so much Pride,
 Such Falshood to beside,
 With Beauty so Divine? (Heaven joyn?
 VVhy should so much of Hell with so much
 Be witness every Shade,
 How oft the lovely Maid
 Her tender Vows has paid ;
 Yet with the self-same Breath,
 With which so oft before,
 And solemnly she swore,
 Pronounces now *Amyntas* Death.

III.

But Charming *Nymph* beware,
 Whilst *I* your Victim die,
 Some One, my Perjur'd Fair,
 Revenging my Despair,
 Will prove as false to thee ;
 Which yet my wandring Ghost wou'd look more
 For I shall break my Tomb, (pale to see.
 And nightly as I come,
 Shall to my *Silvia* come,
 And show the Piteous Sight ;

My bleeding Bosom too,
Which wounds were given by you ;
Then vanish in the Shades of Night.

S O N G.

On her Loving Two Equally.

Set by Captain Pack.

I.

HOW strongly does my Passion flow,
Divided equally 'twixt two ?
Damon had ne'er subdu'd my Heart,
Had not *Alexis* took his part ;
Nor cou'd *Alexis* pow'rful prove,
Without my *Damons* Aid, to gain my Love.

II.

When my *Alexis* present is,
Then I for *Damon* sigh and mourn ;
But when *Alexis* I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my Scorn.

But

several Occasions.

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But if it chance they both are by,
For both alike I languish, sigh, and die.

III.

Cure then, thou mighty winged God,
This restless Feaver in my Blood;
One Golden-Pointed Dart take back :
But which, O *Cupid*, wilt thou take?
If *Demons*, all my Hopes are crost ;
Or that of my *Alexis*, I am lost.

The Counsel. A Song.

Set by Captain Pack.

I.

A Pox upon this needles Scorn :
Sylvia for shame the Cheat give o'er :
The End to which the Fair are botn,
Is not to keep their Charms in store :
But lavishly dispose in haste
Of Joys which none but Youth improve ;

Joys

Joys which decay when Beauty's past ;
And who, when Beauty's past, will love ?

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold Disdain ;
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
By every once-admiring Swain ;
And we no more shall Homage pay :
When you in vain too late shall burn,
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia* ! who will make Return ?

III.

Then haste, my *Sylvia*, to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conspire
To teach us ev'ry Art of Love,
And raise our Joys of Pleasure higher ;
Where while embracing we shall lie
Loosly in Shades on Beds of Flow'rs,
The duller World while we desie,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Surprize.

Set by Mr. Farmer:

I.

P*Hillis*, whose Heart was Unconfin'd,
And free as Flow'rs on Meads and Plains;
None boasted of her being Kind,
'Mong'st all the languishing and amorous Swains.
No Sighs or Tears the *Nymph* cou'd move,
To pity or return their Love.

II.

Till on a time the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the Heat o'th' Day
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Strephon the careless *Shepherd* sleeping lay;
But O such Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

III.

III.

Her Cheeks with Blushes cover'd were,
 And tender Sighs her Bosom warm,
 A Softness in her Eyes appear;
 Unusual Pain she feels from ev'ry Charm:
 To Woods and Ecchoes now she cries,
 For Modesty to speak denies.

S O N G.

I.

AH! what can mean that eager Joy
 Transports my Heart when you appear?
 Ah *Strephon*! you my Thoughts employ
 In all that's Charming, all that's Dear.
 When you your pleasing Story tell,
 A Softness does invade each Part,
 And I with Blushes own I feel
 Something too tender at my Heart.

II.

At your approach my Blushes rise,
 And I at once both wish and fear;
 My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
 As it would prattle Stories there.

Take,

Take, take that Heart that needs must go ;
But, *Shepherd*, see it kindly us'd :
For who such Presents will bestow,
If this, alas ! should be abus'd ?

The Invitation : A Song.

To a New Scotch Tune.

I.

Come my *Phillis* let us improve
Both our Joyes of Equal Love :
VWhile we in yonder Shady Grove,
Count Minutes by our Kisses.
See the Flowers how sweetly they spread,
And each Resigns his Gawdy Head ,
To make for us a Fragrant Bed,
To practice o'er New Blissess.

II.

The Sun it self with Love does conspire,
And sends abroad his ardent Fire,
And kindly seems to bid us retire,

And

And shade us from his Glory ;
 Then come, my *Phillis*, do not fear ;
 All that your Swain desires there,
 Is by those Eyes a new to swear
 How much he does adore ye.

III.

Phillis, in vain you shed those Tears ;
 VVhy do you blush ? Oh speak your Fears !
 There's none but your *Amyntas* hears :
 VVhat means this pretty Passion ?
 Can you fear your Favours will cloy
 Those that the Blessing does enjoy ?
 Ah no ! such needless Thoughts destroy :
 This Nicety's out of Fashion.

IV.

When thou hast done, by *Pan* I swear,
 Thou wilt unto my Eyes appear
 A thousand times more Charming and Fair,
 Then thou wert to my first Desire :
 That Smile was kind, and now thou'rt wise,
 To throw away this Coy Disguise,
 And by the vigor of thy Eyes,
 Declare thy Youth and Fire.

Silvio's

Silvio's Complaint:

A SONG,

To a Fine Scotch Tune.

I.

IN the Blooming Time o'th' year,
In the Royal Month of *May* :
Au the Heaves were glad and clear,
Au the Earth was Fresh and Gay.
A Noble Youth but all Forlorn,
Lig'd Sighing by a Spring :
'Twere better I's was nere Born,
Ere wisht to be a King.

II.

Then from his Starry Eyne,
Muckle Showers of Christal Fell :
To bedew the Roses, Fine,
That on his Cheeks did dwell.

And

And ever 'twixt his Sighs he'd cry,
 How Bonny a Lad I'd been ,
 Had I, weys me, neré Aim'd high,
 Or wisht to be a King.

III.

With Dying Clowdy Looks,
 Au the Fields and Groves he kens :
 Au the Gleeding Murmuring Brooks,
 (Noo his Unambitious Friends)
 Tol which he eance with Mickle Cheer
 His Bleating Flocks woud bring :
 And crys, woud God I'd dy'd here,
 Ere wisht to be a King.

IV.

How oft in Yonder Mead,
 Cover'd ore with Painted Flowers :
 Au the Dancing Youth I've led,
 Where we past our Blether Hours.
 In Yonder Shade, in Yonder Grove,
 How Blest the *Nymphs* have been :
 Ere I for Pow'r Debaucht Love,
 Or wisht to be a King.

V.

Not add the *Arcadian Swains*,
In their Pride and Glory Clad :
Not au the Spacious Plains,
Ere coud Boast a Bleether Lad.
When ere I Pip'd, or Danc'd, or Ran,
Or leapt, or whirl'd the Sling :
The Flowry Wreaths I still won,
And wisht to be a King,

VI.

But Curst be yon Tall Oak,
And Old *Thirs* be accurst :
There I first my peace forsook,
There I learnt Ambition first.
Such Glorious Songs of *Hero's* Crown'd,
The Restless Swain woud Sing :
My Soul unknown desires found,
And Languish to be King.

VII.

Ye Garlands wither now,
Fickle Glories vanish all :

H

Ye

Ye Wreaths that deckt my Brow,
 To the ground neglected fall.
 No more my sweet Repose molest,
 Nor to my Fancies bring
 The Golden Dreams of being Blest
 With Titles of a King.

VIII.

Ye Noble Youths beware,
 Shun Ambitious powerful Tales:
 Distructive, False, and Fair,
 Like the Oceans Flattering Gales.
 See how my Youth and Glories lye,
 Like Blasted Flowers i'th' Spring:
 My Fame Renown and all dye,
 For wishing to be King.

In Imitation of Horace.

I.

WHat mean those Amorous Curles of Jet?
 For what heart-Ravisht Maid
 Dost

Dost thou thy Hair in order set,
Thy Wanton Tresses Braid ?
And thy vast Store of Beauties open lay,
That the deluded Fancy leads astray.

II.

For pitty hide thy Starry eyes,
Whose Languishments destroy :
And look not on the Slave that dyes
With an Excess of Joy.
Defend thy Coral Lips, thy Amber Breath;
To taste these Sweets lets in a Certain Death.

III.

Forbear, fond Charming Youth, forbear,
Thy words of Melting Love :
Thy Eyes thy Language well may spare,
One Dart enough can move.
And she that hears thy voice and sees thy Eyes
With too much Pleasure, too much Softness dies

IV.

Cease, Cease, with Sighs to warm my Soul,
Or press me with thy Hand :

H 2

Who

Who can the kindling fire controul,

The tender force withstand?

Thy Sighs and Touches like wing'd Lightning

And are the Gods of Loves Artillery. (fly,

To Lysander, who made some Verses on a Discourse of Loves Fire.

I.

IN vain, dear Youth, you say you love,
And yet my Marks of Passion blame ;

Since Jealousie alone can prove,

The surest Witness of my Flame :

And she who without that, a Love can vow,

Believe me, *Shepherd*, does not merit you.

II.

Then give me leave to doubt, that Fire

I kindle, may another warm :

A Face that cannot move Desire,

May serve at least to end the Charm :

Love else were Witchcraft, that on malice bent,

Denies ye Joys, or makes ye Impotent.

III.

III.

'Tis true, when Cities are on fire,
Men never wait for Christal Springs ;
But to the Neighb'ring Pools retire ;
Which nearest, best Assistance brings ;
And serves as well to quench the raging Flame,
As if from God-delighting Streams it came.

IV.

A Fancy strong may do the Feat
Yet this to Love a Riddle is,
And shows that Passion but a Cheat ;
Which Men but with their Tongues Confess.
For 'tis a Maxime in Loves learned School,
Who blows the Fire, the flame can only Rule.

V.

Though Honour does your Wish deny,
Honour! the Foe to your Repose ;
Yet 'tis more Noble far to dye,
Then break Loves known and Sacred Laws :

H 3

What

What Lover wou'd pursue a single Game,
That cou'd amongst the Fair deal out his flame?

VI.

Since then *Lysander* you desire,
Amynta only to adore ;
Take in no Partners to your Fire ,
For who well Loves, that Loves one more ?
And if such Rivals in your Heart I find,
Tis in My Power to die, but not be kind.

*A Dialogue for an Entertainment at
Court, between Damon and Syl-
via.*

Damon.

AH *Sylvia*! if I still pursue,
Whilst you in vain your Scorn improve ;
What wonders might your Eyes not do :
If they would dress themselves in Love.

Sylvia.

Silvia.

Shepherd you urge my Love in vain,
For I can ne'er Reward your pain ;
A Slave each Smile of mine can win,
And all my softning Darts,
When e'er I please, can bring me in
A Thousand Yeilding Hearts.

Damon.

Yet if those *Slaves* you treat with Cruelty,
'Tis an Inglorious Victory ;
And those unhappy *Swaines* you so subdue,
May Learn at last to scorn, as well as you ;
Your Beauty though the Gods design'd
Shou'd be Ador'd by all below ;
Yet if you want a Godlike Pittying Mind,
Our Adoration soon will colder grow :
'Tis Pitty makes a Deity,
Ah *Silvia* ! daine to pitty me,
And I will worship none but thee.

H 4 .

Silvia.

Sylvia.

Perhaps I may your Councel take,
 And Pitty, tho' not Love, for *Damons* sake ;
 Love is a Flame my Heart ne'er knew,
 Nor knows how to begin to burn for you.

Damon.

Ah *Sylvia* who's the happy *Swain*,
 For whom that Glory you ordain !
 Has *Strephon*, *Pithius*, *Hilus*, more
 Of Youth, of Love, or Flocks a greater store ?
 My flame pursues you too, with that Address,
 Which they want Passion to Profess :
 Ah then make some Returns my Charming
 (*Shepherdes*.)

Sylvia.

Too Faithful *Shepherd* I will try my Heart,
 And if I can will give you part.

Damon.

Oh that was like your self exprest,
 Give me but part, and I will steal the rest.

Sylvia.

Silvia.

'Take care *Young Swain* you treat it well,
If you wou'd have it in your Bosom dwell;
Now let us to the Shades Retreat,
Where all the *Nymphs* and *Shepherds* meet.

Damon.

And give me there your leave my Pride to show,
For having but the hopes of Conquering you;
Where all the *Swaines* shall Passion learn of me:
And all the *Nymphs* to blefs like thee.

Silvia.

Where every Grace I will bestow,
And every Look and Smile, shall show
How much above the rest I vulture you.

Damon.

And I those Blessings will improve;
By constant Faith, and tender Love.

[*A Chorus of Satyrs and Nymphs*
made by another hand.]

On

On Mr. J. H. In a Fit of Sicknefs.

I.

IF when the God of Day retires,
 The Pride of all the Spring decays and dies :
 Wanting those Life-begetting Fires
 From whence they draw their Excellencies ;
 Each little Flower hangs down its Gawdy Head,
 Losing the Luster which it did Retain ;
 No longer will its fragrant face be spread,
 But Languishes into a Bud again :

So with the Sighing Crowd it fares
 Since you *Amyntas*, have your Eies withdrawn
 Ours Lose themselves in Silent Tears,
 Our days are Melancholy Dawn ;
 The Groves are Unfrequented now,
 The Shady Walks are all Forlorn ;
 Who still were throng to gaze on you : (done.
 With Nymphs, whom your Retirement has un-

II. Our

II.

Our Bag-pipes now away are flung,
 Our Flocks a Wandering go ;
 Garlands neglected, on the Boughs are hung,
 That us'd to adorn each Chearful Brow,
 Forsaken looks the enameld *May* :
 And all its wealth Uncourted dies ;
 Each little Bird forgets its wonted Lay,
 That Sung Good Morrow to the welcome Day.
 Or rather to thy Lovely Eies.
 The Cooling Streams do backward glide ;
 Since on their Banks they saw not thee,
 Losing the Order of their Tide,
 And Murmuring chide thy Cruelty ;
 Then hast to lose themselves i'th' Angry Sea.

III.

Thus every thing in its Degree,
 Thy said Retreat Deplore ;
 Hast then *Amyntas*, and Restore ;
 The whole Worlds Loss in thee.
 For like an Eastern Monarch, when you go,
 (If such a Fate the World must know)

A Beautious and a Numerous Host
 Of Love-sick Maids, will wait upon thy Ghost;
 And Death that Secret will Reveal,
 Which Pride and Shame did here Conceal;
 Live then thou Lovelyest of the Plaines,
 Thou Beauty of the Envyng *Sivaines*; (court,
 Whose Charms even Death it self wou'd
 And of his Solemn Businefs make a Sport.

IV.

In Pitty to each Sighing Maid,
 Revive, come forth, be Gay and Glad;
 Let the Young God of Love implore,
 In Pitty lend him Darts, (more;
 For when thy Charming Eies shall shoot no
 He'll lose his Title of the God of Hearts.

In Pitty to *Astrea* live,
Astrea, whom from all the Sighing Throng,
 You did your oft-won Garlands give:
 For which she paid you back in Grateful Song:
Astrea, who did still the Glory boast,
 To be ador'd by thee, and to adore thee most.

V.

With Pride she saw her Rivals Sigh and Pine,
 And vainly cry'd, The lovely Youth is mine!

By

By all thy Charms I do Conjure thee, live;
By all the Joys thou canst receive, and give :
By each Recess and Shade where thou and I,
 Loves Secrets did Unfold ;
And did the dull Unloving World defy :
 VWhilst each the Hearts fond Story told.
If all these Conjurations nought Prevail,
Not Prayers or Sighs, or Tears avail,
But Heaven has Destin'd we Depriv'd must be,
Of so much *Youth, Wit, Beauty*, and of Thee ;
I will the Deaf and Angry Powers defie,
Curse thy Decease, Bless thee, and with thee die.

*To Lyfander, on some Verses he writ,
and asking more for his Heart then
'twas worth.*

I.

TAke back that Heart, you with such Cau-
 (tion give,
Take the fond valu'd Trifle back ;
I hate Love-Merchants that a Trade wou'd drive;
And meanly cunning Bargains make.

II. I

II.

I care not how the busy Market goes,
And scorn to Chaffer for a price:
Love does one Staple Rate on all impose;
Nor leaves it to the Traders Choice.

III.

A Heart requires a Heart Unfeign'd and True,
Though Subtly you advance the Price,
And ask a Rate that Simple Love ne'er knew:
And the free Trade Monopolize.

IV.

An Humble *Slave* the Buyer must become,
She must not bate a Look or Glance,
You will have all, or you'll have none;
See how Loves Market you inhaunce.

V.

Is't not enough, I gave you Heart for Heart,
But I must add my Lips and Eies;
I must no friendly Smile or Kiss impart;
But you must *Dun* me with Advice.

VI. And

VI.

And every Hour still more unjust you grow,
Those Freedoms you my life deny,
You to *Adraste* are oblig'd to show,
And give her all my Riss'd Joy.

VII.

Without Controul she gazes on that Face,
And all the happy Envyed Night,
In the pleas'd Circle of your fond imbrace :
Shé takes away the Lovers Right.

VIII.

From me she Ravishes those silent hours,
That are by Sacred Love my due ;
VVhilst *I* in vain accuse the angry Powers,
That make me hopeless Love pursue.

IX.

Adrastes Ears with that dear Voice are blest,
That Charms my Soul at every Sound,
And with those *Love-Inchanting* Touches prest :
VVhich *I* ne'er felt without a Wound.

X. She

X.

She has thee all : whilst *I* with silent Greif,
The Fragments of thy Softness feel,
Yet dare not blame the happy licenc'd Thief:
That does my Dear-bought Pleasures steal.

XI.

Whilst like a Glimering Taper still *I* burn,
And waste my self in my own flame,
Adraſte takes the welcome rich Return:
And leaves me all the hopeleſs Pain.

XII.

Be juſt, my lovely *Swain*, and do not take
Freedoms you'll not to me allow;
Or give *Amynta* ſo much Freedom back:
That ſhe may Rove as well as you.

XIII.

Let us then love upon the honeſt Square,
Since Intereſt neither have deſign'd,
For the ſly Gameſter, who ne'er plays me fair,
Muſt Trick for Trick expect to find.

To the Honourable Edward
Howard, on his Comedy called
The New Utopia,

I.

Beyond the Merit of the Age,
You have adorn'd the Stage;
So from rude Farce, to Comick Order brought,
Each Action, and each Thought;
To so Sublime a Method, as yet none
(But Mighty *Ben* alone)
Cou'd e'er arive, and he at distance too;
Were he alive he must resign to you:
You have out-done what e'er he writ,
In this last great Example of your Wit.
Your *Solymour* does his *Morose* destroy,
And your *Black Page* undoes his *Barbers Boy*;
All his Cóllegiate Ladies must retire,
While we thy braver *Heroins* do admire.

I

This

This new *Utopia* rais'd by thee,
 Shall stand a Structure to be wondered at,
 And men shall cry, this— this— is he
 Who that Poetick City did create:
 Of which *Moor* only did the Model draw,
 You did Compleat that little World, and gave
 (it Law.

II.

If you too great a Prospect doe allow
 To those whom Ignorance does at distance Seat,
 'Tis not to say, the Object is less great,
 But they want sight to apprehend it so:

The ancient Poets in their times, (Rhimes,
 When thro' the Peopl'd Streets they sung their
 Found small applause; they sung but still were
 Repeated Wit enough at every door. (poor;
 T'have made'em demy Gods! but 'twou'd not do,
 Till Ages more refin'd esteem'd 'em so.

The Modern Poets have with like Success,
 Quitted the Stage, and Sallyed from the Press.

Great *Johnson* scarce a Play brought forth,
 But Monster-like it frighted at its Birth:

Yet

Yet he continued still to write,
And still his Satyr did more sharply bite.
He writ tho certain of his Doom,
Knowing his Pow'r in Comedy :
To please a wiser Age to come :
And though he Weapons wore to Justify
The reasons of his Pen; he cou'd not bring,
Dull Souls to Sense by Satyr, nor by Cudgelling.

III.

In vain the Errors of the Times,
You strive by wholesom Precepts to Confute ,
Not all your Pow'r in Prose or Rhimes,
Can finish the Dispute :
'Twixt those that damn, and those that do ad-
The heat of your Poetick fire. (mire :
Your Soul of Thought you may imploy
A Nobler way ,
Then in revenge upon a Multitude,
Whole Ignorance only makes 'em rude.
Shou'd you that Justice do ,
You must for ever bid adieu ,
To Poetry divine,
And ev'ry Muse o'th' Nine :

For Malice then with Ignorance would join,
 And so undo the World and You :
 So ravish from us that delight,
 Of seeing the VVonders which you Write :
 And all your Glories unadmir'd must lye,
 As Vestal Beauties are Intomb'd before they
 (dye.

IV.

Consider and Consult your VVit,
 Despise those Ills you must indure :
 And raise your Scorne as great as it,
 Be Confident and then Secure.
 And let your rich-fraught Pen,
 Adventure out agen ;
 Maugre the Stormes that do opose its course,
 Stormes that destroy without remorse :
 It may new Worlds descry,
 VVhich Peopl'd from thy Brain may know
 More than the Universe besides can show :
 More Arts of Love, and more of Gallantry.
 Write on ! and let not after Ages say,
 The Whistle or rude Hiss cou'd lay

several Occasions.

117

Thy mighty Spright of Poetry,
Which but the Fools and Guilty fly;
Who dare not in thy Mirror see

Their own Deformity :

Where thou in two, the World dost Character,
Since most of Men Sir *Graves*, or *Peacocks* are.

V. .

And shall that Muse that did ere while,
Chant forth the Glories of the British Isle,
Shall shee who lowder was than Fame;
Now useles lie, and tame?

Shee who late made the *Amazons* so Great,
And shee who Conquered *Scythia* too;
(Which *Alexander* ne're coud do)

Will you permitt her to retreat ?

Silence will like Submission show:

And give Advantage to the Foe !

Undaunted let her once gain appear,

And let her lowdly Sing in every Ear :

Then like thy Mistris Eyes, who have the skill,

Both to preserve a kill ;

To thou at once maist be revengd on those

That are thy Foes,

I 3

And

And on thy Friends such Obligations lay ,
As nothing but the Deed; the Doer can repay.

To Lysander at the Musick-
Meeting.

IT was too much, ye Gods , to see and hear ;
Receiving wounds both from the Eye and Ear:
One Charme might have secur'd a Victory ,
Both , rais'd the Pleasure even to Extasie :
So Ravisht Lovers in each others Armes ,
Faint with excess of Joy , excess of Charmes :
Had I but gaz'd and fed my greedy Eyes ,
Perhaps you'd pleas'd no farther than surprize.
That Heav'nly Form might Admiration move ,
But, not without the *Musick*, charm'd with *Love*:
At least so quick the Conquest had not been ;
You storm'd without , and Harmony within :
Nor cou'd I listen to the sound alone ,
But I alas must look— and was undone :

I saw the Softness that compos'd your Face,
While your Attention heightend every Grace:
Your Mouth all full of Sweetness and Content,
And your fine killing Eyes of Languishment:
Your Bosom now and then a sigh wou'd move,
(For *Musick* has the same effects with Love.) ?

Your Body easy and all tempting lay,
Inspiring wishes which the Eyes betray,
In all that have the fate to glance that way: }

A careless and a lovely Negligence,
Did a new Charm to every Limb dispence:
So look young Angels, Listening to the sound,
When the Tun'd Spheres Glad all the Heav'ns a-

(round:

So Raptur'd lie amidst the wondering Crowd,
So Charmingly Extended on a Cloud. (storm,

When from so many ways Loves Arrows
Who can the heedless Heart defend from harm? }

Beauty and *Musick* must the Soul disarm;
Since Harmony, like Fire to Wax, does fit
The softned Heart Impressions to admit:

As the brisk sounds of Warr the Courage move,
Musick prepares and warms the Soul to Love.

But when the kindling Sparks such Fuel meet,
No wonder if the Flame inspir'd be great.

An Ode to Love.

I

(prize,

Dull Love no more thy Senceless Arrows
Damn thy Gay Quiver, break thy Bow ;
'Tis only young *Lysanders* Eyes,
That all the Arts of Wounding know.

II.

A Pox of Foolish Politicks in Love ,
A wise delay in Warr the Foe may harme :
By Lazy Siege while you to Conquest move ;
His fiercer Beautys vanquish by a Storme.

III.

Some wounded God, to be reveng'd on thee ,
The Charming Youth form'd in a *lucky* houre,
Drest him in all that fond Divinity ,
That has out-Rivall'd thee, a God, in Pow'r.

I V. Or

IV.

Or else while thou supinely laid -
Basking beneath som Mirtle shade ,
In careless sleepe , or tir'd with play ,
When all thy Shafts did scatterd ly ;
Th'unguarded Spoyles he bore away ,
And Arm'd himself with the Artillery.

V.

The Sweetness from thy Eyes he took ,
The Charming Dimples from thy Mouth ,
That wonderous Softness when you spoke ;
And all thy Everlasting Youth.

VI.

Thy bow , thy Quiver , and thy Darts :
Even of thy Painted Wings has rifled thee ,
To bear him from his Conquer'd broken Hearts ,
To the next Fair and Yeilding She.

Long

Love Reveng'd, A Song.

I.

C*Elinda* who did Love Disdain,
For whom had languisht many a Swain;
Leading her Bleating Flock to drink,
She spy'd upon the Rivers Brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare,
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

At first she Laught, but gaz'd the while,
And soon she lessen'd to a Smile;
Thence to Surprize and Wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd she out, Now, now I prove,
Thou art a God, Almighty Love.

III.

She would have spoke, but shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride;

But

But soon she found that Aid was gone;
For Love alas had left her none :
Oh how she burns, but 'tis too late,
For in her Eyes she reads her Fate.

S O N G.

To a New Scotch Tune.

I.

Young *Jemmy* was a Lad,
Of Royal Birth and Breeding,
With ev'ry Beauty Clad :
And ev'ry Grace Exceeding ;
A face and shape so wondrous fine,
So Charming ev'ry part ;
That every Lass upon the Green :
For *Jemmy* had a Heart.

II.

In *Jemmy's* Powerful Eyes,
Young Gods of Love are playing,

And

And on his Face there lies
A Thousand Smiles betraying.
But Oh he dances with a Grace,
None like him e'er was seen ;
No God that ever fancy'd was,
Has so Divine a Mien.

III.

To *Jemmy* ev'ry Swaine
Did lowly doff his Bonnet ;
And every Nymph would strain,
To praise him in her Sonnet :
The Pride of all the Youths he was,
The Glory of the Groves,
The Joy of ev'ry tender Lass :
The Theam of all our Loves.

IV.

But Oh Unlucky Fate ,
A Curse upon Ambition :
The Busie Fopps of State
Have ruin'd his Condition.
For Glittering Hopes he's left the Shade,
His Peaceful Hours are gone :

By

By flattering Knaves and Fools betray'd,
Poor *Jemmy* is undone.

The Cabal at Nickey Nackeys.

I.

A Pox of the Statesman that's witty,
Who watches and Plots all the Sleepless
(Night :
For Seditious Harangues, to the Whiggs of the
(City ;
And Maliciously turns a Traytor in Spight.
Let him Wear and Torment his lean Carrion :
To bring his Sham-Plots about,
Till at last King Bishop and Barron,
For the Publick Good he have quite rooted out.

II.

But we that are no *Polliticians*, (Great,
But Rogues that are Impudent, Barefac'd and
Boldly head the *Rude Rable* in times of Sedition ;
And bear all down before us, in Church & in State.
Your

Your Impudence is the best State-Trick ;
 And he that by Law meanes to rule,
 Let his History with ours be related ; (Fool.
 And tho' we are the Knaves, we know who's the

A Paraphrase on the Eleventh. Ode
Out of the first Book of Horace.

DEAR *Silvia* let's no farther strive,
 To know how long we have to Live ;
 Let Busy Gown-men search to know
 Their Fates above, while we
 Contemplate Beauties greater Power below ,
 Whose only Smiles give Immortality ;
 But who seeks Fortune in a Star,
 Aims at a Distance much too far,
 She's more inconstant than they are. }
 What though this year must be our last, }
 Faster than Time our Joys let's hast ; }
 Nor think of Ills to come, or past.
 Give me but Love and Wine , I'll ne'er
 Complain my Destiny's severe.

Since

Since Life bears so uncertain Date,
With Pleasure we'll attend our Fate,
And Chearfully go meet it at the Gate.
The Brave and Witty know no Fear or Sorrow,
Let us enjoy to day, we'll dye to Morrow.

A Translation,

I.

L *INDIA*, Lovely Maid, more fair
Than Milk or whitest Lilies are,
Than Polisht *Indian* Iv'ry shows,
Or the fair unblushing Rose.

II.

Open, Maid, thy Locks, that hold
Wealth more bright than shining Gold,
Over thy white shoulders laid,
Spread thy Locks, my Charming Maid.

III.

Lydia, ope' thy starry Eyes,
Shew the Beds where *Cupid* lies,
Open, Maid, thy Rosie-Cheeks,
Red as *Sun*-declining streaks.

IV.

Shew thy Coral Lips, my Love,
Kiss me softer than the Dove,
Till my Ravisht Soul does lie
Panting in an Ecstasie.

V.

Oh hold—and do not pierce my Heart,
Which beats, as life wou'd thence depart,
Hide thy Breasts that swell and rise,
Hide 'em from my wishing Eyes.

VI.

Shut thy Bosome, white as Snow,
Whence *Arabian* perfumes flow;
Hide it from my Raptur'd Touch,
I have gaz'd—and kiss'd too much.

VII.

Cruel Maid—on Malice bent,
Seest thou not my Languishment?
Lydia!—Oh I faint!—I die!
With thy Beauties Luxury.

A
P A R A P H R A S E

On Ovid's Epistle of

O E N O N E to P A R I S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Hecuba, being with Child of Paris, dream'd she was delivered of a Firebrand: Priam, consulting the Prophets, was answer'd the Child should be the Destruction of Troy, wherefore Priam commanded it should be deliver'd to wild Beasts as soon as born; but Hecuba conveys it secretly to Mount Ida, there to be foster'd by the Shepherds, where he falls in love with the Nymph OEnone, but at last being known and own'd, he sails into Greece, and carries Helen to Troy, which OEnone understanding, writes him this Epistle.

TO thee, dear Paris, Lord of my Desires,
Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;
To thee I write, mine, while a Shepherd's Swain,
But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.

K

Oh

Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd so soon divide
What Love, and all our sacred Vows had ty'd !
What God, our Love industrious to prevent,
Curst thee with power, and ruin'd my Content?
Greatness, which does at best but ill agree
With Love, such Distance sets 'twixt Thee and Me.
Whilst thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdess,
My raging Passion can have no redress.
Wou'd God, when first I saw thee, thou hadst been
This Great, this Cruel, Celebrated thing.
That without hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
And mixt my Adorations with the Crowd ;
Unwounded then I had escap'd those Eyes,
Those lovely Authors of my Miseries.
Not that less Charms their fatal pow'r had drest,
But Fear and Awe my Love had then suppress :
My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
I might have wondr'd, and have wisht that He,
Whom Heaven shou'd make me love, might look like
More in a silly Nymph had been a sin, (Thee.
This had the height of my Presumption been.

But

But thou a Flock didst feed on *Ida's* Plain,
 And hadst no Title, but *The lovely Swain*.
 A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
 Than that of being own'd King *Priam's* Son.
 Whilst me a harmless Neighbouring Cotager
 You saw, and did above the rest prefer.
 You saw! and at first sight you lov'd me too,
 Nor cou'd I hide the wounds receiv'd from you.
 Me all the Village Herdsmen strove to gain,
 For me the Shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,
 Thou hadst my heart, and they my cold disdain. }
 Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and first born
 Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my Native scorn.
 My Love, like hidden Treasure long conceal'd,
 Cou'd onely where 'twas destin'd, be reveal'd.
 And yet how long my Maiden blushes strove
 Not to betray my easie new-born Love.
 But at thy sight the kindling Fire wou'd rise,
 And I, unskill'd, declare it at my Eyes.
 But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecstasie
 Possess thy Soul at this Discovery.

Speechless, and panting at my feet you lay,
 And short breath'd Sighs told what you cou'd not say.
 A thousand times my hand with Kisses prest,
 And look'd such Darts, as none cou'd e'er resist.
 Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
 New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and shame fill'd mine!
 You saw the Fears my kind disorder show'd
 And breaking Silence Faith anew you vow'd!
 Heavens, how you swore by every Pow'r Divine
 You wou'd be ever true! be ever mine!
 Each God, a sacred witness you invoke, (broke.
 And wish'd their Curse when e'er these Vows you
 Quick to my Heart each perjur'd Accent ran,
 Which I took in, believ'd, and was undone.
 "Vows are Love's poyson'd Arrows, and the heart
 So wounded, rarely finds a Cure from Art.
 At least this heart which Fate has destin'd yours,
 This heart unpractis'd in Love's mystick pow'rs,
 For I am soft and young as *April* Flowers.

Now uncontroll'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
 Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!

Soft

Soft were our hours! and lavishly the Day
 We gave intirely up to Love, and Play.
 Oft to the cooling Groves our Flocks we led,
 And seated on some shaded, flowery Bed,
 Watch'd the united Wantons as they fed.
 And all the Day my list'ning Soul I hung
 Upon the charming Musick of thy Tongue,
 And never thought the blessed hours too long.
 No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,
 Or had so soft an Art in whisp'ring Love,
 No wonder for thou art Ally'd to *Jove*!
 And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke,
 The God appear'd in every Grace, and Look.
 Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades,
 The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-sick Maids.
 Thus whilst all hearts you rul'd without Controul,
 I reign'd the absolute Monarch of your Soul.

Each Beach my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris, and his *OEnone* fill each Tree;
 And as they grow, the Letters larger spread,
 Grow still a witness of my Wrongs when dead!

Cloſe by a ſilent ſilver Brook there grows
A Poplar, under whoſe dear gloomy Boughs
A thouſand times we have exchang'd our Vows!
Oh may'ſt thou grow! t' an endleſs date of Years!
Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears;
When Paris to OEnone proves untrue,
Back Xanthus Streams ſhall to their Fountains flow.
Turn! turn your Tides! back to your Fountains run!
The perjur'd Swain from all his Faith is gone!

Curſt be that day, may Fate appoint the hour,
As Ominous in his black Kalendar;
When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*
Deſcended to thee in the Mirtle Grove,
In ſhining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds:
Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty ſhrouds;
But every Charm, and Grace expos'd to view,
Left Heav'n to be ſurvey'd, and judg'd by you.
To bribe thy voice *Juno* wou'd Crowns beſtow,
Pallas more gratefully wou'd dreſs thy Brow
With Wreaths of Wit! *Venus* propos'd the choice
Of all the faireſt *Greeks*! and had thy Voice.

Crowns, and more glorious Wreaths thou didst despise,
And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!
This when you told, Gods! what a killing fear
Did over all my shivering Limbs appear?
And I presag'd some ominous Change was near!
The Blushes left my Cheeks, from every part
The Bloud ran swift to guard my fainting heart.
You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd
Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd
Such Vows, as all my Terrors undeceiv'd.
But soon the envying Gods disturb'd our Joy,
Declar'd thee Great! and all my Bliss destroy!

And now the Fleet is Anchor'd in the Bay,
That must to *Troy* the glorious Youth convey.
Heavens! how you look'd! and what a Godlike Grace
At their first Homage beautify'd your Face!
Yet this no Wonder, or Amazement brought,
You still a Monarch were in Soul, and thought!
Nor cou'd I tell which most the News augments,
Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting Discontents.
You kist the Tears which down my Cheeks did glide,
And mingled yours with the soft falling Tide,

And 'twixt your Sighs a thousand times you said,
Cease my OEnone! Cease my charming Maid!
If Paris lives his Native Troy to see,
My lovely Nymph, thou shalt a Princess be!
But my Prophetick Fears no Faith allow'd,
My breaking Heart resisted all you vow'd.
Ah must me part, I cry'd! that killing word
No farther Language cou'd to Grief afford.
Trembling, I fell upon thy panting Breast,
Which was with equal Love, and Grief oppress'd, }
Whilst sighs and looks, all dying spoke the rest.
About thy Neck my feeble Arms I cast,
Not *Vines*, nor *Ivy* circle *Elms* so fast.
To stay, what dear Excuses didst thou frame,
And fanciedst Tempests when the Seas were calm?
How oft the Winds contrary feign'd to be,
When they, alas, were onely so to me!
How oft new Vows of lasting Faith you swore,
And 'twixt your Kisses all the old run o'er?

But now the wisely Grave, who Love despise,
(Themselves past hope) do busily advise.

Whisper

Whisper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,
 Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne'er hear.
 For *Troy* they cry! these Shepherds Weeds lay down,
 Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!
 "But sure that Crown does far less easie fit,
 "Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, less innocent and sweet.
 "Nor can thy Beds of State so gratefull be,
 "As those of Moss, and new faln Leaves with me!

Now tow'rds the Beach we go, and all the way
 The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and springs survey;
 That were so often conscious to the Rites
 Of sacred Love, in our dear stoln Delights.
 With Eyes all languishing, each place you view,
 And sighing cry, *Adieu, dear Shades, Adieu!*
 Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to doe,
 Refuse a Crown, or those dear Shades forego!
 Glory and Love! the great dispute pursu'd,
 But the false Idol soon the God subdu'd.

And now on Board you go, and all the Sails
 Are loosned, to receive the flying Gales.

Whilst

Whilst I, half dead on the forsaken Strand,
Beheld thee sighing on the Deck to stand,
Wasting a thousand Kisses from thy Hand.
And whilst I cou'd the lessening Vessel see,
I gaz'd, and sent a thousand Sighs to thee!
And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore
Quick to return thee to our Rustick shore.

Now like a Ghost I glide through ev'ry Grove,
Silent, and sad as Death, about I rove,
And visit all our Treasuries of Love!
This Shade th'account of thousand Joys does hide,
As many more this murmuring Rivers side,
Where the dear Grass, still sacred, does retain
The print, where thee and I so oft have lain.
Upon this Oak thy Pipe, and Garland's plac'd,
That Sicamore is with thy Sheep-hook grac'd.
Here feed thy Flock, once lov'd though now thy scorn,
Like me forsaken, and like me forlorn!

A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd survey
From far the blewish Shore, and distant Sea,
Whose hanging top with toyl I climb'd each day,

With

With greedy View the prospect I ran o'er,
To see what with'd for ships approach'd our shore.
One day all hopeless on its point I stood,
And saw a Vessel bounding o'er the Flood,
And as it nearer drew, I cou'd discern
Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern;
Upon the Deck a Canopy was spread
Of Antique work in Gold and Silver made,
Which mix'd with Sun beams dazling Light display'd.
But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State
(Curst be the sight) a fatal Beauty fate.
And fondly you were on her Bosome lay'd,
Whilst with your perjur'd Lips her Fingers play'd;
Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that hair,
Of which, as sacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.

Oh! hadst thou seen me then in that mad state,
So ruin'd, so design'd for Death and Fate,
Fix'd on a Rock, whose horrid Precipice
In hollow Murmurs wars with Angry Seas;
Whilst the bleak Winds aloft my Garments bear,
Ruffling my careless and dishevel'd hair,
I look'd like the sad Statue of Despair.

With

With out-strech'd voice I cry'd, and all around
The Rocks and Hills my dire complaints resound.
I rent my Garments, tore my flattering Face,
Whose false deluding Charms my Ruine was.
Mad as the Seas in Storms, I breathe Despair,
Or Winds let loose in unresisting Air.
Raging and Frantick through the Woods I fly,
And *Paris!* lovely, faithless *Paris* cry.

But when the Echos found thy Name again,
I change to new variety of Pain.

For that dear name such tenderness inspires,
And turns all Passion to Loves softer Fires:
With tears I fall to kind Complaints again,
So Tempests are allay'd by Show'rs of Rain.

Say, lovely Youth, why wou'dst thou thus betray
My easie Faith, and lead my heart astray?
I might some humble Shepherd's Choice have been,
Had I that Tongue ne'er heard, those Eyes ne'er seen.
And in some homely Cott, in low Repose,
Liv'd undisturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:
All day by shaded Springs my Flocks have kept,
And in some honest Arms at night have slept.

Then

Then unupbraided with my wrongs thou'dst been
 Safe in the Joys of the fair Grecian Queen:
 What Stars do rule the Great? no sooner you
 Became a Prince, but you were Perjur'd too.
 Are Crowns and Falshoods then consistent things?
 And must they all be faithless who are Kings?
 The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
 Even tho' it renders me my *Paris* scorn.
 For I had rather this way wretched prove,
 Than be a Queen and faithless in my Love.
 Not my fair Rival wou'd I wish to be,
 To come prophan'd by others Joys to thee.
 A spotless Maid into thy Arms I brought,
 Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in thought.
 Whilst she with Love has treated many a Guest,
 And brings thee but the leavings of a Feast:
 With *Theseus* from her Country made Escape,
 Whilst she miscall'd the willing Flight, a Rape.
 So now from *Atreus* Son, with thee is fled,
 And still the Rape hides the Adult'rous Deed.
 And is it thus Great Ladies keep intire
 That Vertue they so boast, and you admire?

Is this a Trick of Courts, can Ravishment
Serve for a poor Evasion of Consent?
Hard shift to save that Honour priz'd so high,
Whilst the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.
How much more happy are we Rural Maids,
Who know no other Palaces than Shades?
Who wish no Title to inflave the Crowd,
Lest they shou'd babble all our Crimes aloud.
No Arts our Good to shew, our Ill to hide,
Nor know to cover faults of Love with Pride.
I lov'd, and all Love's Dictates did pursue,
And never thought it cou'd be Sin with you.
To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;
For one soft hour with thee, my charming Swain,
Wou'd Recompence an Age to come of Shame,
Cou'd it as well but satisfy my Fame.
But oh! those tender hours are fled and lost,
And I no more of Fame, or Thee can boast!
'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:
Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,
No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy.

'Tis

'Tis false and broken Vows make Love a Sin,
Hads thou been true, We innocent had been.
But thou less faith than *Autumn* leaves do'st show,
Which ev'ry Blast bears from their native Bough.
Less Weight, less Constancy, in thee is born,
Than in the slender mildew'd Ears of Corn.

Oft when you Garlands wove to deck my hair,
Where mystick Pinks, and Dazies mingled were,
You swore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:

And when with eager Kisses prest my hand,
Have said, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd command!*

And when I danc'd upon the Flow'ry Green,
With charming, wishing Eyes survey my Mien,
And cry! the Gods design'd thee for a Queen!

Why then for *Helen* dost thou me forsake?
Can a poor empty Name such difference make?
Besides if Love can be a Sin, thine's one,
To *Menelaus Helen* does belong.

Be *Jult*, restore her back, She's none of thine,
And, charming *Paris*, thou art onely mine.

'Tis no Ambitious Flame that makes me sue
To be again belov'd, and blest by you;

No vain desire of being ally'd t' a King,
Love is the onely Dowry I can bring,
And tender Love is all I ask again. }
Whilst on her dang'rous Smiles fierce War must wait
With Fire and Vengeance at your Palace gate,
Rouze your soft Slumbers with their rough Alarms,
And rudely snatch you from her faithless Arms:
Turn then, fair Fugitive, e'er 'tis too late,
E'er thy mistaken Love procures thy Fate;
E'er a wrong'd Husband does thy Death design,
And pierce that dear, that faithless Heart of thine.

A ~~TA~~

A
VOYAGE
TO THE
Isle of LOVE.

*An Account from Lisander to Lyfidas his
Friend.*

AT last dear *Lyfidas*, I'll set thee Free,
From the disorders of Uncertainty;
Doubt's the worst Torment of a generous
Who ever searching what it cannot find, (Mind,
Is roving still from wearied thought to thought,
And to no settled Calmness can be brought:

B

The

The Cowards Ill, who dares not meet his Fate,
 And ever doubting to be Fortunate,
 Fallsto that Wretchedness his fears Create.

I should have dy'd silent, as Flowers decay,
 Had not thy Friendship stopt me on my way,
 That friendship which our Infant hearts inspir'd,
 E're them Ambition or false Love had fir'd :
 Friendship! which still enlarg'd with years and sense
 Till it arriv'd to perfect Excellence;
 Friendship! Mans noblest business! without whom
 The out-cast Life finds nothing it can own,
 But Dully dyes unknowing and unknown,
 Our searching thought serves only to impart
 It's new gain'd knowledge to anothers Heart;
 The truly wise, and great, by friendship grow,
 That, best instruct 'em how they should be so,
 That, only sees the Error of the Mind,
 Which by its soft reproach becomes Refin'd;

Friend-

Friendship! which even Loves mighty power con,

(trouls,

When that but touches ; this Exchanges Souls,

The remedy of Grief, the safe retreat

Of the scorn'd Lover, and declining great.

This sacred tye between thy self and me,

Not to be alter'd by my Destiny ;

This tye, which equal to my new desires

Preserv'd it self amidst Loves softer Fires,

Obliges me, (without reserve) 't impart

To *Lycidas* the story of my Heart ;

Tho' 'twill increase its present languishment,

To call to its remembrance past content

So drowning Men near to their native shore

(From whence they parted near to visit more)

Look back and sigh, and from that last Adieu,

Suffer more pain then in their Death they do,

That grief, which I in silent Calms have born,

It will renew, and rowse into a Storm,

The TRUCE.

*With you unhappy Eyes that first let in
 To my fond Heart the raging Fire,
 With you a Truce I will begin,
 Let all your Clouds, let all your Show'rs retire,
 And for a while become serene,
 And you my constant rising Sighs forbear,
 To mix your selves with flying Air,
 But utter Words, among that may express,
 The vast degrees of Joy and Wretchedness.
 And you my Soul! forget the dismal hour,
 When dead and cold Aminta lay,
 And no kind God, no pittyng Power
 The hasty fleeting Life would stay;
 Forget the Mad, the Raving pain
 That seiz'd Thee at a sight so new,
 When not the Wind let loose, nor raging Main
 Was so destructive and so wild as thou?*

For-

Forget thou saw'st the lovely yielding Maid,
 Dead in thy trembling Arms
 Just in the Ravishing hour, when all her Charms
 A willing Victim to thy Love was laid,
 Forget that all is fled thou didst Adore,
 And never, never, shall return to bless Thee more.

Twelve times the Moon has borrow'd Rays; that
 (Night
 Might favour Lovers stealths by Glimmering Light :
 Since I imbarqu'd on the inconstant Seas
 With people of all Ages and Degrees,
 All well dispos'd and absolutely bent,
 To visit a far Country call'd Content.
 The Sails were hoisted, and the Streamers spread,
 And chearfully we cut the yielding Floud ;
 Calm was the Sea, and peaceful every Wind,
 As if the Gods had with our Wishes joyn'd
 To make us prosperous ; All the whispering Air
 Like Lovers Joys, was soft, and softly fair.

The ruffling Winds were hush'd in wanton sleep,
And all the Waves were silenc'd in the deep :
No threatening Cloud, no angry Curl was found,
But bright, serene, and smooth, 'twas all around ;
But yet believe false *Lies* if she weep,
Or Amorous *Lays* will her promise keep,
Before the Sea, that Flatters with a Calm,
Will cease to ruin with a rising Storm,
For now the Winds are rows'd, the Hemisphere
Grows black, and frights the hardy Mariner,
The Billows all into Dis-order hurl'd,
As if they meant to bury all the World ;
And least the Gods on us should pity take,
They seem'd against them too, a War to make.

Now each affrighted to his Cabin Flyes,
And with Repentance Load the angry Skyes ;
Distracted Prayers they all to Heaven Address,
While Heaven best knows, they think of nothing

(less ;

To

To quit their Interest in the World's their fear,
Not whether,—but to go,—is all their Care,
And while to Heav'n, their differing crimes they
(mount,

Their vast dis-orders doubles the account ;
All pray, and promise fair, protest and weep,
And make those Vows, they want the pow'r to keep,
But sure with some, the angry Gods were pleas'd ;
For by degrees their Rage and Thunder ceas'd :
In the rude War no more the Winds engage,
And the destructive Waves were tir'd with their
(own Rage ;

Like a young Ravisher, that has won the day,
O're-toil'd and Panting, Calm and Breathless lay,
While so much Vigour in the Incounter's lost,
They want the pow'r a second Rape to Boast.
The Sun in Glory daignes again t' appear ;
But we who had no Sense, but that of fear,
Cou'd scarce believe, and lessen our despair,

Yet each from his imagin'd Grave gets out,
And with still doubting Eyes looks round about.
Confirm'd they all from Prayer to Praises hast,
And soon forgot the sense of dangers past ;
And now from the recruited Top-mast spy'd,
An Island that discover'd Natures Pride:
To which was added, all that Art could do
To make it Tempting and Inviting too ;
All wondering Gaz'd upon the happy place,
But none knew either where, or what it was :
Some thought, th' Inaccessible Land 't had been,
And others that Inchantment they had seen,
At last came forth a Man, who long before
Had made a Voyage to that fatal shoar,
Who with his Eyes declin'd, as if dismaid,
At sight of what he dreaded : Thus he said,

This

T*His is the Coast of Africa,
Where all things sweetly move ;
This is the Calm Atlantick Sea,
And that the Isle of Love ;*

*To which all Mortals Tribute pay,
Old, Young, the Rich and Poor ;
Kings do their awful Laws obey,
And Shepherds do Adore.*

*There's none its forces can resist,
Or its Decrees Evince,
It Conquers where, and whom it list,
The Cottager and Prince.*

*In entering here, the King resigns,
The Robe and Crown he wore ;
The Slave new Fetters gladly joyns
To those he dragg'd before.*

*All thither come, early or late,
Directed by desire,
Not Glory can divert their fate,
Nor quench the Amorous fire.*

*The Enterances on every side,
Th' Attracts and Beauties Guard,
The Graces with a wanton Pride,
By turn secure the Ward.*

*The God of Love has lent 'em Darts,
With which they gently Greet,
The heedless undefended Hearts
That pass the fatal Gate.*

*None e're escapt the welcom'd blow,
Which ner'e is sent in vain;
They Kiss the Shaft, and Bless the Foe,
That gives the pleasing Pain.*

Thus

Isle of Love.

11

Thus whilst we did this grateful story learn,
We came so near the Shoar, as to discern
The Place and Objects, which did still appear
More Ravishing, approaching 'em more near.

There the vast Sea, with a smooth calmness
(flows

As are the Smiles on happy Lovers Brows ;
As peaceably as Rivulets it glides,
Embracing still the shaded Islands sides ;
And with soft Murmurs on the Margent flows,
As if to Nature it design'd Repose ;
Whose Musick still is answer'd by the Breeze,
That gently plays with the soft rust'd Trees.
Fragrant and Flowry all the Banks appear
Whose mixt disorders more delightful were,
Then if they had been plac'd with Artful care,
The Cowslip, Lilly, Rose and Jesamine,
The Daffodil, the Pink and Eglintine,
Whose gawdy store continues all the year,
Makes but the meanest of the Wonders here.

Here

Here the young *Charmers* walk the Banks a-long,
 Here all the *Graces* and the *Beauties* throng.
 But what did most my Admiration draw,
 Was that the Old and Ugly there I saw,
 Who with their Apish Postures, void of shame
 Still practice Youth, and talk of Darts and Flame
 I laught to see a Lady out of date,
 A worn out Beauty, once of the first rate;
 With youthful Dress, and more fantastick Prate,
 Setting her wither'd Face in thousand forms,
 And thinks the while she Dresses it in charms;
 Disturbing with her Court : the busier throng
 Ever Addressing to the Gay and Young;
 There an old Batter'd Fop, you might behold,
 Lavish his Love, Discretion, and his Gold
 On a fair she, that has a Trick in Art,
 To cheat him of his Politicks and Heart;
 Whilst he that Jilts the Nation ore and ore,
 Wants sense to find it in the subtiller *W-re*.

Thus

The Man that on this Isle before had been,
Finding me so admire at what I'd seen ;
Thus said to me. —————

LOVE's Power.

LOVE when he Shoots abroad his Darts,
Regards not where they light :
The Aged to the Youthful Hearts,
At random they unite.
The soft un-bearded Youth, who never found
The Charms in any Blooming Face,
From one of Fifty takes the Wound ;
And eagerly pursues the cunning Chase :
While she an Arted Youth puts on ;
Softens her Voice, and languishes her Eyes ;
Affects the Dress, the Mean, the Tone.
Assumes the noisy Wit, and ceases to be Wise ;

The

A Voyage to the

*The tender Maid to the Rough Warriour yields ;
 Unfrighted at his Wounds and Scars,
 Pursues him through the Camps and Fields,
 And Courts the story of his dangerous Wars,
 With Pleasure bears his Scapes, and does not fail,
 To pay him with a Joy for every Tale.*

*The fair young Bigot, full of Love and Prayer,
 Doats on the lewd and careless Libertine ;
 The thinking States-man fumbles with the Player,
 And dearly buys the (barely wishing) Sin.
 The Peer with some mean Damsel of the trade,
 Expensive, common, ugly and decay'd :
 The gay young Squire, on the blouz'd Landry Maid.
 All things in Heaven, in Earth, and Sea,
 Love give his Laws unto ;
 Tho' under different Objects, they
 Alike obey, and bow ;*

*Sometimes to bereveng'd of those,
Whose Beauty makes 'em proudly nice,
He does a Flame on them impose,
To some unworthy choice.
Thus rarely equal Hearts in Love you'l find,
Which makes 'em still present the God as Blind.*

Whilst thus he spake, my wondering Eyes were staid
With a profound attention on a Maid !
Upon whose Smiles the *Graces* did a-wait,
And all the *Beauties* round about her fate ;
Officious *Cupid's* do her Eyes obey,
Sharpening their Darts from every Conquering Ray:
Some from her Smiles they point with soft desires,
Whilst others from her Motion take their Fires :
Some the Imbroider'd Vail and Train do bear,
And some around her fan the gentle Air,
Whilst others flying, scatter fragrant Show'rs,
And strow the paths she tread with painted flow'rs }
The rest are all imploy'd to dress her Bow'rs ; }
While

While she does all, the smiling Gods carress,
And they new Attributes receive from each Address.

The CHARACTER.

Such Charms of Youth, such Ravishment
Through all her Form appear'd,
As if in her Creation Nature meant,
She shou'd a-lone be ador'd and fear'd :
Her Eyes all sweet, and languishingly move,
Yet so, as if with pity Beauty strove,
This to decline, and that to charm with Love.
A chearful Modesty adorn'd her Face,
And bashful Blushes spread her smiling Cheeks ;
Witty her Air ; soft every Grace,
And 'tis eternal Musick when she speaks,
From which young listening Gods the Accent stake
And when they wou'd a perfect Conquest make,
Teach their young favourite Lover so to speak.

Her

2.

Her Neck, on which all careless fell her Hair,
Her half discover'd rising Bosome bare,
Were beyond Nature form'd ; all Heavenly fair.
Tempting her dress, loose with the Wind it flew,
Discovering Charms that wou'd alone subdue,
Her soft white slender Hands whose touches wou'd
Beget desire even in an awful God ;
Long Winter'd Age to tenderness wou'd move,
And in his Frozen Blood, bloom a new spring of
(Love.

All these at once my Ravisht Senses charm'd,
 And with unusual Fires my Bosome warm'd.
 Thus my fixt Eyes pursu'd the lovely Maid,
 Till they had lost her in the envied Glade ;
 Yet still I gaz'd, as if I still had view'd
 The Object, which my new desires pursu'd.

Loft while I stood ; againſt my Will, my fight
Conducted me unto a new delight.

Twelve little Boats were from the Banks unty'd,
And towards our Veſſel ſail'd with wondrous Pride,
With wreathes of Flowers and Garlands they were
(drefſt,

Their Cordage all of Silk and Gold conſiſt,
Their Sails of ſilver'd Lawn, and Tinfel were;
Which wantonly were ruſſled in the Air.

As many little Cupids gayly clad,
Did Row each Boat, nor other guides they had.
A thouſand Zephyres Fann'd the moving Fleet,
Which mixing with the Flow'rs became more ſweet,
And by repeated Kiſs did aſſume
From them a ſcent that did the Air perfume.
So near us this delightful Fleet was come,
We cou'd diſtinguiſh what the *Cupid's* ſung,
Which oft with charming Notes they did repeat,
With Voices ſuch as I ſhall ne're forget.

You

*You that do seek with Amorous desires,
To tast the Pleasures of the Life below,
Land on this Island, and renew your Fires,
For without Love, there is no joy, you know.*

Then all the *Cupids* waiting no Commands,
With soft inviting Smiles present their Hands,
And in that silent Motion seem'd to say,
You ought to follow, when Love leads the way.
Made with delight, and all transported too,
I quitted Reason, and resolv'd to go;
For that bright charming Beauty I had seen,
And burnt with strange desire to see agen,
Fill'd with new hope, I laugh'd at Reasons force,
And towards the Island, bent my eager Course;
The *Zephires* at that instant lent their Aid,
And I into Loves Fleet was soon convey'd,
And by a thousand Friendships did receive,
Welcomes which none but God's of Love could give.

Many possess with my Curiosity,
 Tho' not inspir'd like me, yet follow'd me,
 And many staid behind, and laught at us :
 And in a scoffing tone reproacht us thus,

*Farewel Adventurers, go search the Joy,
 Which mighty Love inspires, and you shall find,
 The treatment of the wond'rous Monarch Boy,
 In's Airy Castle always soft and kind.*

We on the fragrant Beds of Roses laid,
 And lull'd with Musick which the Zephires made, }
 When with the Amorous silken Sails they plaid.
 Rather did them as wanting Wit account,
 Then we in this affair did Judgment want,
 With Smiles of pity only answer'd them,
 Whilst they return'd us pitying ones again.
 Now to the wisht for Shoar, with speed we high ;
 Vain with our Fate, and-eager of our Joy,

And

And as upon the Beech we landed were,
An awful Womandid to us repair.
Goddeſs of *Prudence*! who with grave advice,
Counſels the heedleſs Stranger to be Wiſe;
She guards this Shoar, and Paſſage does forbid,
But now blind Senſe her Face from us had hid;
We paſſ'd and diſ-obey'd the heavenly Voice,
Which ſew e'er do, but in this fatal place.

Now with impatient haſt, (but long in vain)
I ſeek the Charming Author of my Pain,
And haunt the Woods, the Groves, and ev'ry Plain.
I aſk each Chryſtal Spring, each murmuring Brook,
Who ſaw my fair, or knows which way ſhe took?
I aſk the Eccho's, when they heard her Name?
But they cou'd nothing but my Moans proclaim;
My Sighs, the fleeting Winds far off do bear,
My Charmer, cou'd no ſoft complaining hear:
At laſt, where all was ſhade, where all was Gay;
On a Brooks Brink, which purling paſt away,
A ſleep the lovely Maid extended lay;

Of different Flowers, the *Cupids* made her Bed,
And Rosey Pillows, did support her Head ;
With what transported Joy my Soul was fill'd,
When I, the Object of my wish beheld,
My greedy View each lovely part survey'd ;
On her white Hand, her Blushing Cheek was laid
Half hid in Roses ; yet did so appear
As if with those, the Lillys mingled were ;
Her thin loose Robe did all her shape betray,
(Her wondrous shape that negligently lay)
And every Tempting Beauty did reveal,
But what young bashful Maids wou'd still conceal ;
Impatient I, more apt to hope than fear,
Approacht the Heav'nly sleeping Maid more near ;
The place, my flame, and all her Charms invite
To tast the sacred Joys of stoln delight.
The Grove was silent, and no Creature by,
But the young smiling God of Love and I ;
But as before the awful shrine, I kneel'd,
Where Loves great Mystery was to be reveal'd,

A Man from out the Groves recess appears,
 Who all my boasted Vigor turn'd to fears,
 He slackt my Courage by a kind surprize,
 And aw'd me with th' Majesty of his Eyes;
 I bow'd, and blusht, and trembling did retire,
 And wonder'd at the Pow'r that checkt my fire;
 So excellent a Mean, so good a Grace,
 So grave a Look, such a commanding Face;
 In modest Speech, as might well subdue,
 Youth's native wildness; yet 'twas gracious too.
 A little *Cupid* waiting by my side,
 (Who was presented to me for a guide,)
 Beholding me decline, the Sleeping Maid,
 To gaze on this Intruder, — Thus he said.

RESPECT.

I.

HIM whom you see so awful and severe,
 Is call'd Respect, the Eldest Son of Love;
 Esteem his Mother is; who every where
 Is the best Advocate to all the fair,
 And knows the most obliging Arts to move:
 Him you must still carress, and by his Grace,
 You'll conquer all the Beauties of the Place;
 To gain him 'tis not Words will do,
 His Rhetorick is the Blush and Bow.

II.

He even requires that you shou'd silent be,
 And understand no Language but from Eyes,
 Or Sighs, the soft Complaints on Cruelty;
 Which soonest move the Heart they wou'd surprize:

*They like the Fire in Limbeck's gently move,
 What words (too hot and fierce) destroy;
 These by degrees infuse a lasting Love;
 Whilst those do soon burn out the short blaz'd Joy.
 These the all gaining Youth requires,
 And bears to Ladies Hearts the Lambent Fires;
 And He that won'd against despair be proof,
 Can never keep him Company enough.*

Instructed thus, I did my steps direct,
 Towards the necessary Grave Respect,
 Whom I soon won to favour my design,
 To which young LOVE his promis'd aid did joyn.

This wak't *Aminta*, who with trembling fear,
 Wonder'd to see a stranger enter'd there;
 With timrous Eyes the Grove she does survey,
 Where are my LOVES she cries! all fled away?
 And left me in this gloomy shade alone?
 And with a Man! Alas, I am undone.

Then

Then strove to fly ; but I all prostrate lay,
And grasping fast her Robe, oblig'd her stay ;
Cease lovely Charming Maid, Oh cease to fear,
I faintly cry'd, — There is no *Satyr*, near ;
I am of humane Race, whom Beauty Aws,
And born an humble Slave to all her Laws ;
Besides we're not alone within the Grove,
Behold *Respect*, and the young God of LOVE :
How can you fear the Man who with these two,
In any Shade or hour approaches you ?
Thus by degrees her Courage took its place ;
And usual Blushes dress'd again her Face,
Then with a Charming Air, her Hand she gave,
She bade me rise, and said she did believe.

And now my Conversation does permit ;
But oh the entertainment of her Wit,
Beyond her Beauty did my Soul surprize,
Her Tongue had Charms more pow'rful than her

(Eyes !

Ah

Ah *Lysidas*, hadst thou a list'ner been
 To what she said; tho' her thou ne're had'st seen,
 Without that Sense, thou hadst a Captive been.
 Guess at my Fate, — but after having spoke,
 Many indifferent things: Her leave she took.

The Night approach't, and now with Thoughts
 (oppress,

I minded neither where, nor when to Rest,
 When my Conductor LOVE! whom I pursu'd,
 Led to a Palace call'd *Inquietude*,

INQUIETUDE.

*A Neighbouring Villa which derives its name,
 From the rude sullen Mistress of the same;
 A Woman of a strange deform'd Aspect;
 Peevishly pensive, fond of her neglect;
 She never in one posture does remain,
 Now leans, lyes down, then on her Feet again;*

Some-

*Sometimes with Snails she keeps a Lazy pace,
 And sometimes runs like Furies in a Chase;
 She seldom shuts her Watchful Eyes to sleep,
 Which pale and languid does her Visage keep;
 Her loose neglected Hair disorder'd grows;
 Which undesign'd her Fingers discompose;
 Still out of Humour, and deprav'd in Sense,
 And Contradictive as Impertinence;
 Distrustful as false States-men, and as nice
 In Plots, Intrigues, Intelligence and Spies.*

To her we did our Duty pay, but she
 Made no returns to our Civility.

Thence to my Bed; where rest in vain I sought,
 For prating LOVE still entertain'd my thought,
 And to my Mind, a thousand Fancies brought:
Aminta's Charms and Pow'rful Attractions,
 From whence I grew to make these soft Reflections.

The REFLECTION.

I.

What differing Passions from what once I
(felt,

My yielding Heart do melt,
And all my Blood as in a Fever burns,
Yet shivering Cold by turns.

What new variety of hopes and fears ?

What suddain fits of Smiles and Tears ?

Hope! Why dost thou sometimes my Soul employ

With Prospects of approaching Joy ?

Why dost thou make me pleas'd and vain,

And quite forget last minutes pain :

What Sleep won'd calm, Aminta keeps awake ;

And I all Night soft Vows and Wishes make.

What

*When to the Gods I would my Prayers address,
 And sue to be forgiven,
 Aminta's name, I still express,
 And Love is all that I confess,
 Love and Aminta! Ever out Rival Heaven!*

II.

*Books give me no content at all;
 Unless soft Cowly entertain my Mind,
 Then every pair in Love I find;
 Lyfander him, Aminta her, I call:
 Till the bewitching Fewel raise the fire;
 Which was design'd but to divert,
 Then to cool Shades I ragingly retire,
 To ease my hopeleß panting Heart,
 Yet thereto every thing begets desire.
 Each flowry Bed, and every loanly Grove,
 Inspires new Wishes, new impatient Love.*

Thus

Thus all the Night in vain I fought repose,
 And early with the Sun next day, I rose;
 Still more impatient grew my new desires,
 To see again the Author of my Fires,
Love leads me forth, to little *CARES we pass, * Little
 Where *Love* instructed me *Aminta* was; Arts to
 Far from *Inquietude* this Village stands, please.
 And for its Beauty all the rest commands;
 In all the *Isle of Love*, not one appears,
 So ravishingly Gay as *Little Cares*.

Little CARES, or Little Arts to please.

I.

T Hither all the Amorous Youth repair,
 To see the Objects of their Vows;
 No Jealousies approach 'em there;
 They Banish Dulness and Despair;
 And only Gayety and Mirth allow.

The

*The Houses cover'd o're with flow'rs appear,
 Like fragrant Arbours all the year,
 Where all the dear, the live-long day,
 In Musick, Songs, and Balls is past away:
 All things are form'd for pleasure and delight,
 Which finish not but with the Light;
 But when the Sun returns again,
 They hold with that bright God an equal Reign.*

I I.

*There no Reproaches dwell; that Vice
 Is banisht with the Coy and Nice.
 The Froward there learn Complysance;
 There the Dull VVise, his Gravity forsakes,
 The Old dispose themselves to Dance,
 And Melancholy wakens from his Trance,
 And against Nature sprightly Humour takes.
 The formal States-man does his Int'rest quit,
 And learns to talk of Love and VVit;*

*There the Philosopher speaks Sense,
Such as his Mistress Eyes inspire;
Forgets his learned Eloquence,
Nor now compares his Flame to his own Chimick
(fire.*

III.

*The Miser there opens his Golden heaps,
And at Love's Altar, offers the rich Prize;
His needless fears of want does now despise,
And as a lavish Heir, he Treats and Reaps
The Blessings that attend his grateful Sacrifice.
Even the Fluttering Coxcomb there
Does less ridiculous appear:
For in the Crowd some one unlucky Face,
With some particular Grimmas,
Has the ill fate his Heart to gain,
Which gives him just the Sense to know his pain;
Whence he becomes less talkative and vain.*

D

There

*There 'tis the Muses dwell! that sacred Nine,
Who teach the enlarged Soul to prove,
No Arts or Sciences Divine,
But those inspir'd by Them and Love!
Gay Conversation, Feast, and Masquerades,
Agreeable Cabals, and Serinades;
Eternal Musick, Gladness, Smiles and Sport,
Make all the bus'ness of this Little Court.*

At my approach new Fires my Bosom warm;
New vigor I receive from every Charm:
I found invention with my Love increase;
And both instruct me with new Arts to please;
New Gallantrys I sought to entertain,
And had the Joy to find 'em not in vain;
All the Extravagance of Youth I show,
And pay'd to Age the Dotage I shall owe;
All a beginning Passion can conceive,
What beauty Merits, or fond Love can give.

With

With diligence I wait *Aminta's* look,
 And her decrees from Frowns or Smiles I took,
 To my new fixt resolves, no stop I found,
 My Flame was uncontroul'd and knew no bound;
 Unlimited Expences every day
 On what I thought she lik'd, I threw away:
 My Coaches, and my Liverys, rich and new,
 In all this Court, none made a better show.

Aminta here was unconfin'd and free,
 And all a well-born Maid cou'd render me
 She gave: My early Visits does allow,
 And more ingagingly receives me now,
 Her still increasing Charms, Her soft Address,
 A Partial Lover cannot well Express,
 Her Beautys with my flame each hour increase.
 'Twas here my Soul more true content receiv'd,
 Then all the Duller hours of Life I'd liv'd.
 —But with the envying Night I still repair
 To *Inquietude*; none lodge at little Care.

The hasty Minutes summon me away,
 While parting pains surmount past hours of Joy,
 And Nights large Reckoning over-pays the day.
 The GOD of *Sleep* his wonted Aid denies;
 Lends no repose, or to my Heart or Eyes:
 Only one hour of Rest, the breaking Morning
 (brought,
 In which this happy Dream Assail'd my Thought,

The DREAM.

ALL Trembling in my Arms Aminta lay,
 Defending of the Bliss, I strove to take,
 Raising my Rapture by her kind delay,
 Her force so charming was and weak.
 The soft resistance did betray the Grant,
 While I prest on the Heaven of my desires;
 Her rising Breasts with nimbler Motions Pant;
 Her dying Eyes assume new Fires.

Now

*Now to the height of languishment she grows,
And still her looks new Charms put on ;
—Now the last Mystery of Love she knows,
We Sigh, and Kiss : I wak'd, and all was done.*

'Twas but a Dream, yet by my Heart I knew,
Which still was Panting, part of it was true :
Oh how I strove the rest to have believ'd ;
Asham'd and Angry to be undeceiv'd !

But now LOVE calls me forth ; and scarce allows
A Moment to the Gods to pay my Vows :
He all Devotion has in dis-esteem,
But that which we too fondly render him :
LOVE drest me for the day ; and both repair,
With an impatient haste to *Little Care* ;
Where many days m' advantage I pursu'd,
But Night returns me to *Inquietude* ;
There suffer'd all that absent Lovers griev'd,
And only knew by what I felt I liv'd ;

A thousand little Fears afflict my Heart,
And all its former order quite subvert;
The beauty's which all day my hope employ'd,
Seem now too excellent to be enjoy'd.
I number all my RIVALS over now,
Then Raving Mad with Jealousie I grow,
Which does my Flame to that vast height increase;
That here I found, I lov'd to an Excess:
These wild Distractions every Night increase,
But day still reconciles me into Peace;
And I forget amidst their soft Delights,
The un-imagin'd torment of the Nights.

'Twas thus a while I liv'd at little Care,
Without advance of Favour or of fear,
When fair *Aminia* from that Court departs,
And all her Lovers leave with broken Hearts,
On me alone she does the Grace confer,
In a Permission I shou'd wait on her.
Oh with what eager Joy I did obey!
Joy, which for fear it shou'd my Flame betray,

I Veil'd with Complaisance; which Lovers Eyes
Might find transported through the feign'd disguise;
But hers were unconcern'd; or wou'd not see,
The Trophies of their new gain'd Victory:

Aminta now to Good Reception goes;

A place which more of Entertainment shows
Then State or Greatness; where th' Inhabitants,
Are Civil to the height of Complaisance;
They Treat all Persons with a chearful Grace,
And show 'em all the pleasures of the Place;
By whose Example bright *Aminta* too,
Confirm'd her self, and more obliging grew.
Her Smiles and Air more Gracious now appear;
And her Victorious Eyes more sweetness wear:
The wonderous Majesty that dress'd her Brow,
Becomes less Awful, but more Charming now:
Her Pride abating does my Courage warm,
And promises success from every Charm.
She now permits my Eyes, with timorous Fears,
To tell her of the Wounds she's made by hers,

Against her Will my Sighs she does approve,
 And seems well pleas'd to think they come from
 (Love.

Nothing oppos'd it self to my delight,
 But absence from *Aminta* every Night.

But LOVE, who recompences when he please,
 And has for every Cruelty an ease ;
 Who like to bounteous Heaven, assigns a share
 Of future Bliss to those that suffer here :
 Led me to HOPE ! A City fair and large,
 Built with much Beauty, and Adorn'd with Charge.

HOPE.

TIS wonderful Populous from the excess,
 Of Persons from all parts that thither press :
 One side of this magnifick City stands,
 On a foundation of unfaithful Sands ;
 Which oftentimes the glorious Load destroys,
 Which long designing was with Pomp and Noise ;

The

*The other Parts well founded neat and strong,
 Less Beautiful, less Business, and less Throng.
 'Tis built upon a Rivers Bank, who's clear
 And Murmuring Glide, delights the Eye and Ear.*

The River of PRETENSION.

T*His River's call'd Pretension; and its source
 T' a bordering Mountain owes, from whence
 (with force,
 It spreads into the Arms of that calm space,
 Where the proud City dayly sees her face;
 'Tis treacherously smooth and falsely fair,
 Inviting, but undoing to come near;
 'Gainst which the Houses there find no defence,
 But suffer undermining Violence;
 Who while they stand, no Palaces do seem,
 In all their Glorious Pomp to equal them.*

This

This River's Famous for the fatal Wrecks,
Of Persons most Illustrious of both Sex,
Who to her Bosom with soft Whispers drew,
Then basely smil'd to see their Ruin too.
'Tis there so many Monarchs perisht have,
And seeking Fame alone have found a Grave.

'Twas thither I was tempted too, and LOVE
Maliciously wou'd needs my Conduct prove;
Which Passion now to such a pass had brought,
It gave admittance to the weakest thought,
And with a full career to this false Bay
I ran. But met *Precaution* in my way.
With whom *Respect* was, who thus gravely said,
Pretension is a River you must Dread:
Fond Youth decline thy fatal Resolution,
Here unavoidably thou meets Confusion;
Thou fly'st with too much hast to certain Fate,
Follow my Counsel, and be Fortunate.

Ashamd

Asham'd, all Blushing I decline my Eyes,
Yet Bow'd and Thank'd *Respect* for his advice.
From the bewitching River straight I hy'd,
And hurried to the Cities farthest side.
Where lives the Mighty *Princess Hope*? to whom
The whole Isle as their ORACLE do come;
Tho' little Truth remains in what she says,
Yet all adore her Voice, and her Wise Conduct
(praise.


The Princess HOPE.

I.

S *He blows the Youthful Lovers flame,*
And promises a sure repose;
Whilst with a Treason void of shame,
His fancy'd Happiness o're-throws.

Her

*Her Language is all soft and fair,
But her hid Sense is naught but Air,
And can no solid reason bear ;
As often as she speaks,
Her faithless Word she breaks ;
Great in Pretension, in Performance small,
And when she Swears 'tis Perjury all.
Her Promises like those of Princes are,
Made in Necessity and War,
Cancell'd without remorse, at ease,
In the voluptuous time of Peace.*



I I.

*These are her qualities ; but yet
She has a Person full of Charms,
Her Smiles are able to beget
Forgiveness for her other harms ;*

She's

*She's most divinely shap'd, her Eyes are sweet,
And every Glance to please she does employ,
With such address, she does all persons treat,
As none are weary of her flattery,
She still consoles the most afflicted Hearts,
And makes the Proud vain of his fancy'd Arts.*

Amongst the rest of those who dayly came,
T' admire this *Princess*, and oblige their flame,
(Conducted thither by a false report,
That Happiness resided in her Court)
Two young successless Lovers did resort :
One, so above his Aim had made pretence,
That even to Hope, for him, was Impudence ;
Yet he 'gainst Reasons Arguments makes War,
And vainly Swore, his Love did merit her.
Boldly Attempted, daringly Address,
And with unblushing Confidence his flame confest.
The other was a Bashful Youth, who made
His Passion his *Devotion*, not his *Trade* ;

No

No fond opiniater, who a price,
Sets on his Titles, Equipage, or Eyes,
But one that had a thousand Charms in store,
Yet did not understand his *Conquering Pow'r*:
This *Princeß* with a kind Address receives
These Strangers; and to both new Courage gives.
She animates the haughty to go on!
Say——*A Town long besieg'd must needs be won.*
Time and Respect remove all obstacles,
And obstinate Love, arrives at Miracles.
Were she the Heir to an illustrious Crown,
Those Charms, that haughty meen, that fam'd renown,
That wond'rous skill you do in Verse profess,
That great disdain of common Mistresses;
Can when you please with aid of Billet Deux,
The Royal Virgin to your Arms subdue,
One skill'd in all the Arts to please the fair,
Shou'd be above the Sense of dull despair:
Go on young noble Warrior then go on,
Though all the fair are by that Love undone.

Then

Then turning to the other: Sir, said she,
Were the bright Beauty you Adore like me,
Your silent awful Passion more wou'd move,
Than all the bold and forward Arts of Love.
A Heart the softest composition forms,
And sooner yields by treaty, then by storms;
A Look, a Sigh, a Tear, is understood,
And makes more warm disorders in the Blood,
Has more ingaging tender Eloquence,
Then all the industry of Artful Sense,
So falling drops with their soft force alone,
Insinuate kind impressions in obdurate stone.

But that which most my pity did imploy,
 Was a young Hero, full of Smiles and Joy.
 A noble Youth to whom indulgent Heaven,
 Had more of Glory then of Virtue given;
 Conducted thither by a Politick throng,
 The Rabble Shouting as he past along,
 Whilst he, vaint with the beastly Din they make,
 (Which were the same, if Bears were going to stake)

Ad-

Addresses to this faithless Flatterer ;
Who in return, calls him, *young God of War !*
The Cities Champion ! and his *Countries Hope,*
The Peoples Darling, and *Religious Prop.*
Scepters and *Crowns* does to his view expose ;
And all the Fancied pow'r of Empire shows.
In vain the Vision he wou'd dis-believe,
In spite of Sense she does his Soul deceive :
He Credits all ! nor ask's which way or how,
The dazzling Circle shall surround his Brow ;
Implicitly attends the flattering Song,
Gives her his easy Faith, and is undone.
For with one turn of State the Frenzy's heal'd,
The Blind recover and the Cheats reveal'd.
Whilst all his *Charms* of *Youth* and *Beauty* lies,
The kind reproach of pitying Enemies.

To me she said, and smiling as she spoke,
Lisander, you with Love, have Reason took,
Continue so, and from Aminta's Heart,
Expect what Love and Beauty can impart.

I knew she flatter'd, yet I cou'd not choose
But please my Self, and credit the Abuse ;
Her charming Words that Night repos'd me more,
Then all the grateful Dreams I'd had before.

Next day I rose, and early with the Sun ;
Love guided me to *Declaration*,
A pleasant City built with Artful Care,
To which the Lovers of the Isle repair.
In our pursuit *Respect* dissatisfy'd,
Did the unreasonable Adventure chide ;
Return unheedy Youth cry'd he, return !
Let my advice th' approaching danger warn :
Renounce thy Purpose and thy haste decline,
Or thou wilt ruine all Loves great design ;
Amaz'd I stood, and unresolv'd t' obey,
Cou'd not return, durst not pursue my way ;
Whilst LOVE who thought himself concern'd as

(Guide,

I th' Criminal Adventure. Thus reply'd :

E

LOVE's

LOVE's Resentment.

Must we eternal Martyrdom pursue ?
 Must we still Love, and always suffer too ?
 Must we continue still to dye,
 And ne'r declare the cruel Cause ;
 Whilst the fair Murtheress asks not why,
 But triumphs in her rigorous Laws ;
 And grows more mighty in disdain,
 More Peevish, Humorous, Proud and Vain ;
 The more we languish by our Pain ?
 And when we Vow, Implore, and Pray,
 Shall the Inhumane cruel fair,
 Only with nice disdain the sufferer pay ?
 Consult her Pride alone in the affair,
 And coldly cry——In time perhaps I may——
 Consider and redress the Youth's despair ;
 And when she wou'd a Period put to's Fate,
 Alas, her cruel Mercy comes too late !

But

But wise *Respect* obligingly reply'd,
Amintas *Cruelty* you need not dread,
Your *Passion* by your *Eyes* will soon be known,
Without this haste to *Declaration* ;
'Tis I will guide you where you still shall find,
Aminta in best *Humour* and most kind.
Strong were his Arguments ; his Reasonings prove
Too pow'rful for the angry God of *Love*.
Who by degrees t' his native softness came,
Yields to *Respect* and owns his haste a blame.
Both vow obedience to his judging Wit,
And to his graver Conduct both submit,
Who now invites us to a Reverend place,
An ancient Town, whose Governor he was.
Impregnable, with Bastions fortify'd,
Guarded with fair built Walls on every side,
The top of which the Eye cou'd scarce discern,
So strong as well secur'd the Rich concern ;
Silence with *Modesty* and *Secresy*,
Have all committed to their Custody.

Silence to every questions ask'd, reply
With apt Grimasses of the Face and Eyes ;
Her Finger on her Mouth ; and as you've seen,
Her Picture, Handsom, with fantastick mean,
Her every Motion her Commands express,
But seldom any the hid Soul confess.
The *Virgin Modesty* is wond'rous fair,
A bashful Motion, and a blushing Air ;
With un-assur'd regard her Eyes do move,
Untaught by affectation or Self-love ;
Her Robes not gaudy were, nor loosely ty'd,
But even concealing more then need be hid.
For *Secresie*, one rarely sees her Face,
Whose lone Apartment is some Dark recess ;
From whence unless some great affairs oblige,
She finds it difficult to dis-engage ;
Her voice is low, but subtilly quick her Ears,
And answers still by signs to what she hears ;
— Led by *Respect* we did an entrance get,
Not saying any thing, who ere we met.

The City of DISCRETION.

THE Houses there, retir'd in Gardens are,
And all is done with little noise,

One seldom sees Assemblies there,

Or publick shows for Grief or Joys.

One rarely walks but in the Night,

And most endeavour to avoid the Light.

There the whole World their bus'ness carry,

Without or confident, or Secretary:

One still is under great constraint,

Must always suffer, but ne'r make complaint,

'Tis there the dumb and silent languishes,

Are predic'd, which so well explain the Heart:

Which without speaking can so much expresse,

And secrets to the Soul the nearest way impart;

Language which prettily perswades belief;

Who's silent Eloquence obliges Joy or Grief.

This City's called *Discretion*, being the name
Of her that is Lieutenant of the same,
And Sister to *Respect* ; a Lady who
Seldom obtains a Conquest at first view ;
But in repeated Visits one shall find,
Sufficient Charms of Beauty and of Mind :
Her vigorous piercing Eyes can when they please,
Make themselves lov'd, and understood with Ease.
Not too severe, but yet reserv'd and wise,
And her Address is full of subtilties ;
Which upon all occasions serves her turn ;
T' express her Kindness, and to hide her scorn ;
Dissemblations Arts, she useful holds,
And in good manners sets 'em down for rules.
Twas here *Amint* liv'd, and here I paid
My constant visits to the lovely Maid.
With mighty force upon my Soul I strove,
To hide the Sent'ments of my raging Love.
All that I spoke did but indifferent seem,
Or went no higher than a great esteem.

But

But 'twas not long my Passion I conceal'd,
My flame in spight of me, it self reveal'd.

The silent Confession.

AND tho' I do not speak, alas,
My Eyes, and Sighs too much do say !
And pale and languishing my Face,
The torments of my Soul betray ;
They the sad story do unfold,
Love cannot his own secrets hold ;
And though Fear ty's my Tongue ; Respect my Eyes,
Yet something will disclose the pain ;
Which breaking out throw's all disguise ;
Reproaches her with Cruelties ;
Which she augments by new disdain ;
—Where e're she be, I still am there ;
What-ere she do, I that prefer ;
In spight of all my strength, at her approach,
I tremble with a sight or touch ;

*Paleneß or Blushes does my Face surprize,
If mine by chance meet her encountering Eyes;
Twas thus she learn'd my VWeakneß, and her Pow'r;
And knew too well she was my Conqueror.*

And now —

Her Eyes no more their wonted Smiles afford,
But grew more fierce, the more they were ador'd;
The marks of her esteem which heretofore
Rais'd my aspiring flame, oblige no more;
She calls up all her Pride to her defence;
And as a Crime condemns my just pretence;
Me from her presence does in Fury chase;
No supplications can my doom reverse;
And vainly certain of her Victory,
Retir'd into the *Den of Cruelty*.

The Den of Cruelty.

A Den where Tygers make the passage good,
 And all attempting Lovers make their Food;
 Itb' hollow of a mighty Rock 'tis plac'd,
 Which by the angry Sea is still imbrac'd:
 Whose frightful surface constant Tempest wears,
 Which strikes the bold Adventurers with Fears.

The Elements their rudest Winds send out,
 Which blow continual coldness round about.
 Upon the Rock eternal Winters dwells,
 Which weeps away in dropping Isicles;
 The barren hardness meets no fruitful Ray,
 Nor bears it Issue to the God of day;
 All bleak and cold, th' unshady prospect lies,
 And nothing grateful meets the melancholy Eyes.

To this dire place Aminta goes, whilst I,
 Begg'd her with Prayers and Tears to pass it by;

All

All dying on the Ground my self I cast,
And with my Arms her flying Feet imbrac'd ;
But she from the kind force with Fury flung,
And on an old deformed Woman hung.

A Woman frightful, with a horrid Frown,
And o're her angry Eyes, her Brows hung down :
One single Look of hers, fails not t' impart,
A terror and despair to every Heart :
She fills the Universe with discontents,
And Torments for poor Lovers still invents.
This is the mighty *Tyrant Cruelty*,
Who with the *God of Love* is still at enmity ;
She keeps a glorious Train, and glorious Court,
And thither Youth and Beauty still resort :
But oh my Soul form'd for Loves softer Sport,
Cou'd not endure the *Rigor* of her Court !
Which her first rude Address did so affright,
That I all Trembling hasted from her Sight,
Leaving the unconcern'd and cruel Maid,
And on a Rivers Bank my self all fainting laid ;

Which

Which River from the obdurate Rock proceeds,
And cast's it self i'th' Melancholy Meads.

The River of Despair.

I*Ts Torrent has no other source,
But Tears from dying Lovers Eyes ;
Which mixt with Sighs precipitates its course ;
Softning the senseless Rocks in gliding by ;
Whose doleful Murmurs have such Eloquence ;
That even the neighbouring Trees and flow'rs have pi-
tying sense ;
And Cruelty alone knows in what sort,
Against the moving sound to make defence,
Who laughs at all despair and Death as sport.*

A dismal Wood the Rivers Banks do bear,
Securing even the day from entering there ;

The RESOLVE.

NOW my fair Tyrant I despise your Pow'r ;
'Tis Death, not you becomes my Conqueror ;
This easy Trophy which your scorn,
Led bleeding by your Chariot-side ;
Your haughty Victory to adorn,
Has broke the Fetters of your Pride,
Death takes his quarrel now in hand,
And laughs at all your Eyes can do ;
His pow'r thy Beauty can withstand,
Not all your Smiles can the grim victor bow.
He'll hold no Parley with your Wit,
Nor understands your wanton play,
Not all your Arts can force him to submit,
Not all your Charms can teach him to obey,
Your youth nor Beauty can inspire,
His frozen Heart with Love's persuasive fire ;
Alas, you cannot warm him to one soft desire ;

Oh

*Oh mighty Death that art above,
The pow'r of Beauty or of Love !*

Thus fullen with my Fate sometimes I grew,
And then a fit of softness wou'd ensue,
Then weep, and on my Knees implore my Fair,
And speak as if *Aminta* present were.

THE QUESTION.

SAY my fair Charmer, must I fall,
A Victim to your Cruelty ?
And must I suffer as a Criminal ?
Is it to Love offence enough to dye ?
Is this the recompence at last,
Of all the restless hours I've past ?
How oft my Awe, and my Respect,
Have fed your Pride and Scorn ?
How have I suffer'd your neglect,
Too mighty to be born ?

How

How have I strove to hide that flame

You seem'd to disapprove?

How careful to avoid the name

Of Tenderneß or Love?

Least at that Word some guilty Blush shou'd own,

What your bright Eyes forbad me to make known.

Thus fill'd the neighbouring Echo's with my Cry,

Did nothing but reproach, complain and dye:

One day ———

All hopeless on the Rivers Brink I stood,

Resolv'd to plunge into the Rapid Floud,

That Floud that eases Lovers in despair,

And puts an end to all their raging care:

'Tis hither those betray'd by Beauty come,

And from this kinder stream receive their doom;

Here Birds of Ominous presages Nest,

Securing the forlorn Inhabitants from rest:

Here

Here Mid-night-Owls, night-Crows, and Ravens
(dwell,

Filling the Air with Melancholy Yell :

Here swims a thousand Swans, whose doleful moan

Sing dying Lovers Requiems with their own :

I gaz'd around, and many Lovers view'd,

Gastly and pale, who my design pursu'd ;

But most inspir'd by some new hope, or won

To finish something they had left undone ;

Some grand Important bus'ness of their Love,

Did from the fatal precipice remove :

For me, no Reason my designs dissuade,

Till *Love* all Breathless hasted to my Aid ;

With force m' unfixing Feet he kindly graspt,

And tenderly reproacht my desperate hast,

Reproach'd my Courage, and condemn'd my Wit,

That meanly cou'd t' a Womans scorn submit,

That cou'd to feed her Pride, and make her vain,

Destroy an Age of Life, for a short date of pain :

He

He wou'd have left me here, but that I made,
 So many friendships as did soon perswade,
 The yielding Boy, who Smil'd, resolv'd and staid,
 He rais'd my Head, and did again renew,
 His Flatteries, and all the Arts he knew:
 To call my Courage to its wonted place.
 What cry'd he — (sweetly Angry) shall a Face
 Arm'd with the weak resistance of a Frown,
 Force us to lay our Claims and Titles down?
 Shall *Cruelty* a peevish Woman prove,
 Too strong to be overcome by Youth and Love?
 No! rally all thy Vigor, all thy Charms,
 And force her from the cruel Tyrants Arms;
 Come, once more try th' incens'd Maid to appease,
 Death's in our pow'r to grasp when ere we please;
 He said ——— And I the heavenly voice attend,
 Whilst towards the Rock our hasty steps we bend,
 Before the Gates with all our forces lye,
 Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to dye;

In vain Love all his feeble Engines rears,
His soft Artillery of Sighs and Tears,
Were all in vain — against the Winds were sent,
For she was proof 'gainst them and languishment:
Repeated Vows and Prayers mov'd no Remorse,
And 'twas to Death alone I had Recourse:
Love in my Anguish bore a mighty part,
He pity'd, but he cou'd not ease my Heart:
A thousand several ways he had assay'd,
To touch the Heart of this obdurate Maid;
Rebated all his Arrow's still return,
For she was fortify'd with Pride and Scorn.
The useleſs Weapons now away he flung,
Neglected lay his Ivory Bow unstrung,
His gentle Azure Wings were all unprun'd,
And the gay Plumes a fading Tinct assum'd;
Which down his snowy ſides extended lay,
And now no more in wanton Motions play.
He bluſht to think he had not left one dart,
Of force enough to wound *Aminta's* Heart;

He blusht to think she shou'd her freedom boast,
 Whilst mine from the first Dart he sent was lost:
 Thus tir'd withour Complaints; (whilst no relief,
 Rescu'd the fleeting Soul, from killing Grief)
 We saw a Maid approach, who's lovely Face,
 Disdain'd the Beauties of the common race:
 Soft were her Eyes, where unfeign'd Sorrow dwelt;
 And on her Cheeks in pitying Show'rs they melt;
 Soft was her Voice, and tenderly it strook,
 The eager listening Soul, when e're she spoke;
 And what did yet my Courage more augment,
 She wore this sadness for my languishment.

*And sighing said, ah Gods! have you
 Beheld this dying Youth, and never found,
 A pity for a Heart so true?
 Which dyes adoring her that gave the Wound,
 His Youth, his Passion, and his Constancy,
 Merits ye God's a kinder Destiny.*

With pleasure I attended what she said,
And wonder'd at the friendship of the Maid.
Of LOVE I ask'd her name? who answer'd me,
'Twas *Pity* : Enemy to *Cruelty* :
Who often came endeavouring to abate,
The Languishments of the unfortunate ;
And said, if she wou'd take my injur'd part,
She soon wou'd soften fair *Aminta's* Heart ;
For she knows all the subtillest Arts to move,
And teach the timorous Virgin how to love.
With Joy I heard, and my Address apply'd,
To gain the Beauteous *Pity* to my Side :
Nothing I left untold that might perswade,
The listening Virgin to afford her aid.
Told her my Passions, Sorrows, Pains and Fears,
And whilst I spoke, confirm'd 'em with my Tears;
All which with down-cast Eyes she did attend,
And blushing said, my Tale had made a Friend ;
I bow'd and thank'd her with a chearful look,
Which being return'd by hers, her leave she took :

Now

Now to *Aminta* all in haste she hies,
Whom she assail'd with sorrow in her Eyes,
And a sad story of my Miseries.

Which she with so much tenderness exprest,
As forc'd some Sighs from the fair Charmers Breast;
The subtil *Pity* found she should prevail,

And oft repeats th' insinuating Tale,
And does insensibly the Maid betray,
Where *Love* and I, Panting and Trembling lay ;

Where she beheld th' effects of her disdain,
And in my languid Face she read my Pain.
Down her fair Cheeks some pitying drops did
(glide;

Which cou'd not be restrain'd by feeble Pride;
Against my anguish she had no defence,
Such Charms had grief, my Tears such Eloquence;

My Sighs and Murmurs she began t' approve,
And listen'd to the story of my LOVE.

With tenderness, she did my Sufferings hear,
And even my Reproaches now cou'd bear :

At last my trembling Hand in hers she took,
And with a charming Blush, these Words she spoke:

I.

F Aithful Lisander, I your Vows approve,
And can no longer hide,
My Sense of all your suffering Love,
With the thin Veil of Pride.

I I.

*'Twas long in Vain that Pity did assail,
My cold and stubborn Heart;
Ere on th' insensible she cou'd prevail,
To render any Part.*

I I I.

III.

To her for all the tenderneſs,
Which in my Eyes you find,
You muſt your gratitude expreſs,
'Tis Pity only makes me kind.

IV.

Live then Liſander, ſince I muſt confeſs,
In ſpight of all my native modeſty,
I cannot wiſh that you ſhou'd Love me leſs,
Live then and hope the Circling Sun may ſee,
In his ſwift courſe a grateful change in me,
And that in time your Paſſion may receive,
All you dare take, and all a Maid may give.

Oh Lyſidas, I cannot here relate,
The Senſe of Joy ſhe did in me create ;

The sudden Blessing overcame me so,
 It almost finish'd, what Grief fail'd to do;
 I wanted Courage for the soft surprize,
 And waited re-enforcements from her Eyes;
 At last with Transports which I cou'd not hide,
 Raising my self from off the ground, I cry'd.

The TRANSPORT.

R *Ejoyce! my new made happy Soul, Rejoyce!*
Bless the dear minute, bless the Heav'nly
(voice)

That has revok't thy fatal doom;
Rejoyce! Aminta leads thee from the Tomb.
Banish the anxious thoughts of dying hours,
Forget the shades and melancholy Bow'rs,
Thy Eyes so oft bedew'd with falling show'rs;
Banish all Thoughts that do remain,
Of Sighing Days and Nights of Pain,
When on neglected Beds of Moss thou'st lain:

Oh

*Oh happy Youth ! Aminta bids thee live ;
Thank not the sullen Gods or defer Stars,
Since from her Hand thou dost the Prize receive ;
Hers be the Service, as the bounty hers ;
For all that Life must dedicated be,
To the fair God-like Maid that gave it Thee.*

Now *Lyfidas*, behold my happy State ;
Behold me Blest, behold me Fortunate,
And from the height of languishing despair,
Rais'd to the Glory of *Aminta's* care :
And this one moment of my Heaven of Joy,
Did the remembrance of past Grievs destroy ;
And *Pity* ceas'd not here ; but with new Eloquence,
Obliges the shy Maid to visit *Confidence*.

CON-

CONFIDENCE.

A Lady lovely, with a charming Meen,
 Gay, frank, and open, and an Air serene;
 In every Look she does her Soul impart,
 With ease one reads the Sent'ments of her Heart;
 Her Humour generous, and her Language free,
 And all her Conversation graceful Liberty:
 Her Villa is Youth's general Rendezvous,
 Where in delightful Gardens, winding Groves,
 The happy Lovers dwell with secrecie,
 Un-interrupted by fond Jealousie:
 'Tis there with Innocence, they do and say
 A thousand things, to pass the short-liv'd day:
 There free from censuring Spies, they entertain,
 And pleasures tast, un-intermixt with pain.
 'Tis there we see, what most we do adore,
 And yet we languish to discover more.

Hard fate of Lovers, who are ne'er content,
 In an Estate so Blest and Innocent.
 But still press forward, urg'd by soft desires,
 To Joys that oft extinguishes their Fires;
 In this degree I found a happiness,
 Which nought but wishing more cou'd render
 (less

I saw *Aminta* here without controul,
 And told her all the Secrets of my Soul;
 Whilst she t' express her height of Amity,
 Communicated all her Thoughts to me.

THE REFLECTION.

O H with what Pleasure did I pass away,
 The too swift course of the delightful day!
 What Joys I found in being a Slave,
 To every Conquering Smile she gave,

Whose

*Whose every sweetness wou'd inspire,
 The Cinick and the Fool with Love;
 Alas, I needed no more Fire,
 Who did its height already prove :
 Ah my Aminta! had I been content,
 With this degree of Ravishment,
 With the neer satisfy'd delight I took,
 Only to prattle Love, to sigh and look,
 With the dull Bartering Kifs for Kifs,
 And never aim'd at higher Blifs,
 With all the stealths forgetful Lovers make,
 When they their Little Covenants break :
 To these sad shades of Death I'd not been hurl'd,
 And thou mightst still have blest the drooping World;
 But though my Pleasure were thus vast and high,
 Yet I loves insatiate Luxury,
 Still wish'd, reveal'd the unknown Mystery.*

But still Love importun'd, nor cou'd I rest,
 So often, and impatiently he prest,

That

That I the lovely Virgin wou'd invite,
 To the so worshipping'd *Temple of Delight*.
 By all the Lovers Arts I strove to move,
 And watch the softest Minutes of her Love,
 Which against all my Vows and Prayers were proof.
 Alas she lov'd, but did not love enough :
 And I cou'd no returns but Anger get,
 Her Heart was not intirely conquer'd yet ;
 For liking, I mistook her Complaisance,
 And that for Love ; when 'twas her Confidence.

But 'twas not long my Sighs I did imploy,
 Before she rais'd me to the height of Joy.
 And all my Fears and Torments to remove,
 Yields I shall lead her to the *Court of LOVE*.

Here *Lysidas* thou thinks me sure and blest,
 With Recompence for all my past unrest ;
 But fortun'd smil'd the easier to betray,
 She's less inconstant than a Lover's Joy :
 For whilst our Chariot Wheels out-strip the Wind,
 Leaving all thought of Mortal Cares behind.

Whilst

Whilst we fate gazing full of new surprize,
 Exchanging Souls from eithers darting Eyes,
 We encounter'd *One* who seem'd of great Com-
 (mands

Who seiz'd the Reins with an all-pow'rful hand:
 Awful his looks, but rude in his Address,
 And his Authority roughly did exprefs;
 His violent Hands he on *Aminta* laid,
 And out of mine snatch'd the dear trembling Maid;
 So suddenly as hinder'd my defence,
 And she cou'd only say in parting thence.

*Forgive Lisander what by force I do,
 Since nothing else can ravish me from you;
 Make no resistance, I obey * Devoir.* * Duty.
*Who values not thy Tears, thy Force or Prayer,
 Retain thy Faith and Love Aminta still,
 Since she abandons thee against her Will.*

Immoveable I remain'd with this surprize,
Nor durst reply so much as with my Eyes.
I saw her go, but was of Sense bereav'd,
And only knew from what I heard, I liv'd;
Yes, yes, I heard her last Commands, and thence
By violent degrees retriev'd my Sense.
Ye Gods in this your Mercy was severe,
You might have spar'd the useles favour here.
But the first Thoughts my Reason did conceive,
Were to pursue the injurious Fugitive.
Raving, that way I did my haste direct,
But once more met the Reverend *Respect*,
From whom I strove my self to dis-engage,
And feign'd a calmness to disguise my Rage.
In vain was all the Cheat, he soon perceiv'd,
Spight of my Smiles, how much, and why I griev'd;
Saw my despairs, and what I meant to do,
And begg'd I wou'd the rash Design forego;
A thousand dangers he did represent,
T'win me from the desperate attempt.

I ever found his Counsel just and good,
 And now resolv'd it shou'd not be withstood ;
 Thus he ore-came my Rage, but did not free,
 My Soul from Griefs more painful Tyranny ;
 Grief tho' more soft, did not less cruel prove,
 Madnes is easier far then hopeless Love.

I parted thus, but knew not what to do ;
 Nor where I went ; nor did I care to know ;
 With folded Arms, with weeping Eyes declin'd, }
 I search the unknown shade, I cou'd not find, }
 And mixt my constant Sighs with flying Wind. }
 By slow unsteady steps the Paths I trace,
 Which undesign'd conduct me to a place
 Fit for a Soul distrest ; obscur'd with shade,
 Lonely and fit for Love and Sorrow made ;
 The Murmuring Boughs themselves together twist,
 And 'twou'd allow to Grief her self some rest,
 Inviron'd 'tis with lofty Mountains round,
 From whence the Eccho's, Sighs, and Crys rebound ;

Here

Here in the midst and thickest of the Wood,
Cover'd with bending Shades a Castle stood,
Where *Absence* that dejected Maid remains,
Who nothing but her Sorrow entertains.

ABSENCE.

HER mourning languid Eyes are rarely shown,
Unless to those afflicted like her own;
Her lone Apartment all obscure as Night,
Discover'd only by a glimmering Light:
Weeping she sate her Face with Grief dismay'd,
Which all its natural sweetness h.*is* decay'd;
Yet in despite of Grief there does appear,
The ruin'd Monuments of what was fair,
E'r cruel Love and Grief had took possession there
These made her old without the aid of Tears;
Worn out, and faint with lingring hopes and fears,
She seldom answers ought but with her Tears.

*No Train attends, she only is obey'd
 By Melancholy, that soft, silent Maid :
 A Maid that fits her Humour every way,
 With whom she passes all the tedious day :
 No other object can her Mind content,
 She Feeds and Flatters all her languishment ;
 The noisy Streams that from high Mountains fall ;
 And water all the Neighbouring flowry Vale :
 The Murmurs of the Rivulets that glide,
 Against the bending Seges on the side ;
 Of mournful Birds the sad and tuneless Noats,
 The Bleats of straggling Lambs, and new year'd Goats :
 The distant Pipe of some lone Mountain Swain,
 Who to his injur'd Passion fits his strain ;
 Is all the Harmony, her Soul can entertain.*

On a strict league of Friendship we agree,
 For I was sad, and as forlorn as she ;
 To all her Humours, I conform my own,
 Together Sigh, together Weep, and Moan ;

Like

Like her to Woods and Fountains I retreat,
And urge the pitying Eccho's to repeat
My tale of *Love*, and at each Period sound
Aminta's name, and bear it all around,
Whilst listening Voices do the charm reply,
And lost in mixing Air, together dye.
There minutes like dull days creep slowly on,
And every day I drag an Age along ;
The coming hours cou'd no more pleasures hast,
Than those so insupportably I'd past.
I rav'd, I wept, I wish'd, but all in vain,
The distant Maid, nor saw, nor eas'd my pain ;
With my sad tale, each tender Bark I fill,
This — soft complaints, and that -- my Ravings tell ;
This bears vain Curses on my cruel fate,
And Blessings on the Charming Virgin, that
The Willow by the lonely Spring that grows,
And o're the Stream bends his forsaken Boughs.
I call *Lisander*, they like him I find,
Murmur and rustl'd are with every Wind.

On the young springing Beech that's straight and
tall,

I Carve her name, and that *Aminta* call ;
But where I see an Oak that Climbs above,
The rest, and grows the Monster of the Grove ;
Whose pow'rful Arms when aiding Winds do blow,
Dash all the tender twining Shades below,
And even in Calms maliciously do spread,
That naught beneath can thrive, imbrace or breed ;
Whose mischiefs far exceed his fancy'd good,
Honour I call him: *Tyrant* of the Wood.
Thus rove from Thought to Thought without re-
(lief :

A change 'tis true ; but 'tis from Grief to Grief ;
Which when above my silence they prevail,
With Love I'm froward, on my Fortune rail,
And to the Winds breathe my neglected Tale. }

To

TO LOVE.

I.

Fond Love, thy pretty Flatteries cease,
 That feeble Hope you give;
 Unless' twould make my happiness,
 In vain dear Boy; in vain you strive,
 It cannot keep my tortur'd Heart alive.

I I.

Tho' thou shou'dst give me all the Joys,
 Luxurious Monarch's do possess,
 Without Aminta 'tis but empty noise,
 Dull and insipid happiness;
 And you in vain invite me to a Feast,
 Where my Aminta cannot be a Guest.

III.

*Ye glorious Trifles, I renounce ye all,
 Since she no part of all your splendour makes
 Let the Dull unconcern'd obey your call,
 Let the gay Fop, who his Pert Courtship takes;
 For Love, whilst he Profanes your Deity,
 Be Charm'd and Pleas'd with all your necessary vanity.*

IV.

*But give me leave, whose Soul's inspir'd,
 With sacred, but despairing Love.
 To dye from all your noise retir'd,
 And Buried lie within this silent Grove.
 For whilst I Live, my Soul's a prey,
 To insignificant desires,
 Whilst thou fond God of Love and Play,
 With all thy Darts, with all thy useles Fires,*

With

*With all thy wanton flatteries cannot charm,
Nor yet the frozen-hearted Virgin warm.*

V.

*Others by absence Cure their fire,
Me it inrages more with pain;
Each thought of my Aminta blows it higher,
And distance strengthens my desire;
I Faint with wishing, since I wish in vain;
Either be gone fond Love, or let me dye,
Hopeless desire admits no other remedy.*

*Here 'twas the height of Cruelty I prov'd,
By absence from the sacred Maid I lov'd:
And here had dy'd, but that Love found a way,
Some Letters from Aminta to convey,
Which all the tender marks of pity gave,
And hope enough to make me wish to Live.*

From *Duty*, now the lovely Maid is freed,
 And calls me from my lonely solitude :
 Whose cruel Memory in a Moments space,
 The thoughts of coming Pleasures quite deface ;
 With an impatient Lovers haſt I flew,
 To the vaſt Bleſſing Love had ſet in view,
 But oh I found *Aminta* in a place,
 Where never any Lover happy was !

R I V A L S.

Rivals'tis call'd, a Village where
 The Inhabitants in Fury ſtill appear ;
 Malicious paleneſs, or a generous red,
 Or every angry face is ſpread,
 Their Eyes are either ſmiling with diſdain,
 Or fiercely glow with raging Fire.
 Gloomy and ſullen with diſſembl'd pain,
 Love in the Heart, Revenge in the deſire :
 Combates, Duels, Challenges,
 Is the diſcourſe, and all the buſneſs there.

*Respect of Blood, nor sacred friendship ties ;
Can reconcile the Civil War,
Rage, Horror, Death, and wild despair,
Are still Rencounter'd, and still practis'd there.*

'Twas here the lovely cruel Maid I found,
Incompass'd with a thousand Lovers round ;
At my approach I saw their Blushes rise,
And they regarded me with angry Eyes.
Aminta too, or else my Fancy 'twas,
Receiv'd me with a shy and cold Address,
-I cou'd not speak--but Sigh'd, retir'd and Bow'd ;
With pain I heard her Talk and Laugh aloud,
And deal her Freedoms to the greedy Crowd. }
I Curst her Smiles, and envy'd every look,
And Swore it was too kind, what e're she spoke ;
Condemn'd her Air, rail'd on her soft Address, }
And vow'd her Eyes did her false Heart confess,
And vainly wish'd their Charming Beauties less. }
A Secret hatred in my Soul I bear,
Against these objects of my new despair ;

I waited all the day, and all in vain;
 Not one lone minute snatcht, to ease my pain;
 Her Lovers went and came in such a sort,
 It rather seem'd *Loves-Office* than his *Court*,
 Made for eternal *Bus'ness*, not his *Sport*.
Love saw my pain, and found my rage grew high,
 And led me off, to lodge at *Jealousie*.

JEALOUSIE.

I.

A Palace that is more un-easy far,
 Then those of cruelty and absence are,
 There constant show'rs of Hail and Rains do flow,
 Continual Murmuring *VV*inds a-round do blow,
 Eternal Thunder rowling in the Air,
 And thick dark hanging Clouds the day obscure;
 Whose sullen dawn all Objects multiplies,
 And render things that are not, to the Eyes.
 Fantoms appear by the dull gloomy light,
 That with such subtil Art delude the sight,
 That one can see no Object true or right.

*I here transported and impatient grow
And all things out of order do;
Hasty and peevish every thing I say,
Suspicion and distrust's my Passions sway,
And bend all Nature that un-easy way.*

II.

*A thousand Serpents gnaw the Heart;
A thousand Visions fill the Eyes,
And Deaf to all that can relief impart,
We hate the Counsel of the Wise,
And Sense like Tales of Lunaticks despise:
Faithless, as Couzen'd Maids, by Men undone,
And obstinate as new Religion,
As full of Error, and false Notion too,
As Dangerous, and as Politick;
As Humorous as a Beauty without Wit;
As Vain and Fancyful in all we do:
—Thus Wreck the Soul, as if it did conceal,
Love Secrets which by torturing 'twould reveal.*

Rest-

Restless and wild, ranging each Field and Grove;
I meet the Author of my painful Love;
But still surrounded with a numerous Train
Of Lovers, whom *Love* taught to Sigh and Fawn,
At my approach, my Soul all Trembling flies,
And tells its soft Resentment at my Eyes:
My Face all pale, my steps unsteady fall,
And faint Confusion spreads it self o're all.
I listen to each low breath'd Word she says,
And she returns the happy Answerer pays:
When catching half the Sense, the rest Invent,
And turn it still to what will most Torment;
If any thing by Whispers she impart,
'Tis Mortal, 'tis a Dagger at my Heart;
And every Smile, each Motion, Gesture, Sign,
In favour of some Lover I explain:
When I am absent, in some Rivals Arms,
I Fancy she distributes all her Charms,
And if alone I find her; sighing cry,
Some happier Lover she expects than I.

So that I did not only Jealous grow,
Of all I saw ; but all I fancy'd too.

The COMPLAINT.

I.

OFT in my Jealous Transports I wou'd cry,
Ye happy shades, ye happy Bow'rs,
Why speaks she tenderer things to you than me ?
Why does she Smile, carress and praise your Flowers ?
Why Sighs she (opening Buds) her Secrets all
Into your fragrant Leaves ?
Why does she to her Aid your sweetneß call,
Yet take less from you than she gives ?
Why on your Beds must you be happy made,
And be together with Aminta laid ?
You from her Hands and Lips may KISSES take,
And never meet Reproaches from her Pride ;
A thousand Ravishing stealths may make,
And even into her softer Bosome glide.
And there expire ! Oh happy Rival flowers,
How vainly do I wish my Fate like that of Yours ?

II.

*Tell me ye silent Groves, whose Gloom invites,
 The lovely Charmer to your Solitudes ?
 Tell me for whom she languishes and sighs ?
 For whom she feels her soft Inquietudes ?
 Name me the Youth for whom she makes her Vows,
 For she has breath'd it oft amongst your listening
 Oh happy confidents of her Amours, (Boughs?
 How vainly do I wish my Fortune blest as Yours.*

III.

*Oh happy Brooks, oh happy Rivulets,
 And Springs that in a thousand Windings move ;
 Upon your Banks how oft Aminta sits,
 And prattles to you all her Tale of Love :
 Whilst your smooth surface little Circles bears,
 From the Impressions of her falling Tears,
 And as you wantonly reflecting pass,
 Glide o're the lovely Image of her Face ;*

And

*And sanctifies your stream, which as you run,
You Boast in Murmurs to the Banks along.
Dear streams! to whom she gives her softest hours,
How vainly do I wish my happiness like yours.*

Sometimes I rail'd again, and wou'd upbraid,
Reproachfully, the charming fickle Maid :

Sometimes I vow'd to do 't no more,

But one, vain, short-liv'd hour,

Wou'd Perjure all I'd Sworn before,

And Damn my fancy'd Pow'r.

Sometimes the sullen fit wou'd last,

A tedious live-long day :

But when the wrecking hours were past,

With what Impatience wou'd I hast,

And let her Feet weep my neglect away.

Quarrels are the Reserves Love keeps in store,

To aid his Flames and make 'em burn the more.

The

The PENITENT.

I.

With Riger Arm your self, (I cry'd)
It is but just and fit ;

Imerit all this Treatment from your Pride,
All the reproaches of your VVit ;
Put on the cruel Tyrant as you will,
But know, my tender Heart adores you still.

II.

And yet that Heart has Murmur'd too,
And been so insolent to let you know,
It did complain, and rave, and rail'd at you ;
Yet all the while by every God I swear,
By every pitying Pow'r the wretched here ;
By all those Charms that disingage,
My Soul from the extreams of Rage ;
By all the Arts you have to save and kill,
My faithful tender Heart adores you still.

III.

*But oh you shou'd excuse my soft complaint,
 Even my wild Ravings too prefer,
 I sigh, I burn, I weep, I faint,
 And vent my Passions to the Air;
 Whilst all my Torment, all my Care
 Serves but to make you put new Graces on,
 You Laugh, and Rally my despair,
 Which to my Rivals renders you more fair;
 And but the more confirms my being undone:
 Sport with my Pain as gayly as you will,
 My fond, my tender Heart adores you still.*

My differing Passions thus, did never cease,
 Till they had touch'd her Soul with tenderness;
 My Rivals now are banish'd by degrees,
 And with 'em all my Fears and Jealousies;
 And all advanc'd, as if design'd to please.

The City of LOVE.

IN this vast Isle a famous *City* stands,
 Who for its Beauty all the rest Commands,
 Built to delight the wondering Gazers Eyes,
 Of all the World the great *Metropolis*.
 Call'd by LOVE's name: and here the Charming
 When he retires to Pleasure, makes abode; (God,
 'Tis here both Art and Nature strive to show,
 What Pride, Expencc, and Luxury, can do,
 To make it Ravishing and Awful too:
 All Nations hourly thither do resort,
 To add a splendour to this glorious Court;
 The Young, the Old, the Witty, and the Wise,
 The Fair, the Ugly, Lavish, and Precise;
 Cowards and Braves, the Modest, and the Lowd,
 Promiscuouſly are blended in the Crowd.
 From diſtant Shoars young Kings their Courts re-
 To pay their Homage to the God of Love. (move,
 Where all their ſacred awful Maſteſty,
 Their boaste and their fond Divinity;

Loose

Loose their vast force ; as lesser Lights are hid,
 When the fierce God of Day his Beauties spread,
 The wondering World for Gods did Kings adore,
 Till LOVE confirm'd 'em Mortal by his Pow'r ;
 And in Loves Court, do with their Vassals live,
 Without or Homage, or Prerogative :
 Which the young God, not only Blind must show,
 But as Defective in his Judgment too.

LOVE's Temple.

Midst this Gay Court a famous Temple
 stands,
 Old as the Universe which it commands ;
 For mighty Love a sacred being had,
 Whilst yet 'twas Chaos, ere the World was made,
 And nothing was compos'd without his Aid.
 Agreeing Atoms by his pow'r were hurl'd,
 And Love and Harmony compos'd the World.

'Tis rich, 'tis solemn all ! Divine yet Gay !
 From the Jemm'd Roof the dazzling Lights display,
 And all below inform'd without the Aids of day.

All Nations hither bring rich offerings,
And 'tis endow'd with Gifts of Love-sick Kings.

Upon an Altar (whose un-bounded store,
Has made the Rifled Universe so poor,
Adorn'd with all the Treasure of the Seas,
More than the Sun in his vast course surveys)
Was plac'd the *God!* with every Beauty form'd,
Of Smiling Youth, but Naked, un-adorn'd.
His painted Wings displaid : His Bow laid by,
(For here *Love* needs not his Artillery.)
One of his little Hands aloft he bore,
And grasp'd a wounded Heart that burnt all o're,
Towards which he lookt with lovely Laughing
(Eyes :

As pleas'd and vain, with the fond Sacrifice,
The other pointing downward seem'd to say,
Here at my Feet your grateful Victims lay,
Whilst in a Golden Tablet o're his Head,
In Diamond Characters this *Motto* stood,
Behold the Pow'r that Conquers every G O D.

The

The Temple Gates are open Night and Day,
Love's Votaries at all hours Devotions pay,
A Priest of *Hymen* gives attendance near,
But very rarely shows his Function here,
For Priest cou'd ne'r the Marriage-cheat improve,
Were there no other Laws, but those of Love!
A Slavery generous Heav'n did ne'r design,
Nor did its first lov'd Race of men confine ;
A Trick, that Priest, whom Avarice cunning made,
Did first contrive, then sacred did perswade,
That on their numerous and unlucky Race,
They might their base got Wealth securely place.
Curse ——— cou'd they not their own loose Race
But they must spread the infection over all; inthral'
That Race, whose Brutal heat was grown so wild,
That even the Sacred Porches they defil'd ;
And Ravisht all that for Devotion came,
Their Function, nor the Place restrains their flame.
But *Love's* soft Votaries no such injuries fear,
No pamper'd *Levites* are in Pensi on here ;

Here are no fatted Lambs to Sacrifice,
No Oyl, fine Flower, or Wines of mighty price,
The subtle Holy Cheats to Gormandize.

Love's soft Religion knows no Tricks nor Arts,
All the Attoning Offerings here are Hearts.

The Mystery's silent, without noyse or show,
In which the Holy Man has nought to do,
The Lover is both Priest and Victim too.

Hither with little force I did perswade,
My lovely timorously yielding Maid,
Implor'd we might together Sacrifice,
And she agrees with Blushing down-cast Eyes;
'Twas then we both our Hearts an Offering made,
Which at the Feet of the young *God* we laid,
With equal Flames they Burnt; with equal Joy,
But with a Fire that neither did destroy;
Soft was its Force and Sympathy with them,
Dispers'd it self through every trembling Limb;
We cou'd not hide our tender new surprize,
We languisht and confest it with our Eyes;

Thus

Thus gaz'd we — when the Sacrifice perform'd,
 We found our Hearts entire — but still they burn,
 But by a Blessed change in taking back,
 The lovely Virgin did her Heart mistake :
 Her Bashful Eyes favour'd *Love's* great design,
 I took her Burning Victim : and she mine.

Thus *Lysidas* without constraint or Art,
 I reign'd the *Monarch* of *Aminta's* Heart ;
 My great, my happy Title she allows,
 And makes me Lord of all her tender Vows,
 All my past Griefs in coming Joys were drown'd,
 And with eternal Pleasure I was Crown'd ;
 My Blessed hours in the extream of Joy,
 With my soft Languisher I still imploy ;
 When I am Gay, Love Revels in her Eyes, (lies.
 When sad — there the young God all panting
 A thousand freedoms now she does impart,
 Shows all her tenderness dis-rob'd of Art,
 But oh this cou'd not satisfy my Heart.

A thousand Anguishes that still contains,
It sighs, and heaves, and pants with pleasing pains.
We look, and Kiss, and Press with new desire,
Whilst every touch Blows the unusual Fire.
For *Love's* last *Mystery* was yet conceal'd,
Which both still languisht for, both wisht reveal'd:
Which I prest on — and faintly she deny'd,
With all the weak efforts of dying Pride,
Which struggled long for Empire in her Soul,
Where it was wont to rule without controul.
But Conquering Love had got possession now,
And open'd every Sally to the Foe:
And to secure my doubting happiness,
Permits me to conduct her to the *Bow'r of Bliss*,
That Bow'r that does eternal Pleasures yield,
Where *Psyche* first the *God of Love* beheld:
But oh, in entering this so blest abode,
All Gay and Pleas'd as a Triumphant God,
I new unlook'd for difficulties meet,
Encountring *Honour* at the sacred Gate.

HONOUR.

I.

Honour's a mighty Phantom! which around
The sacred Bower does still appear;
All Day it haunts the hollow'd ground,
And hinders Lovers entering there.
It rarely ever takes its flight,
But in the secret shades of night.
Silence and gloom the charm can soonest end,
And are the luckiest hours to lay the Fiend,
Then 'tis the Vision only will remove,
With Incantations of soft Vows of Love.

II.

But as a God he's Worship'd here,
By all the lovely, young, and fair,

Who

*Who all their kind desires controul,
 And plays the Tyrant o're the Soul:
 His chiefest Attributes, are Pride and Spight,
 His pow'r, is robbing Lovers of delight,
 An Enemy to Humane kind,
 But most to Youth severe;
 As Age ill-natur'd, and as ignorance Blind,
 Boasting, and Baffled too, as Cowards are;
 Fond in opinion, obstinately Wise,
 Fills the whole World with bus'ness and with noise.*

III.

*Where wert thou born? from what didst thou begin?
 And what strange Witchcraft brought thy Maxims*
(in?
What hardy Fool first taught thee to the Crowd?
Or who the Duller Slaves that first believ'd?
*Some Woman sure, ill-natur'd, old, and proud,
 Too ugly ever to have been deceiv'd;*

*Unskill'd in Love ; in Virtue, or in Truth,
Preach'd thy false Notions first, and so debauch'd our
Youth*

IV.

*And as in other Secſtuaries you find,
His Votaries moſt conſiſt of Womankind,
Who Throng t' adore the neceſſary Evil,
But moſt for fear, as Indians do the Devil.
Peeviſh, un-eaſy all ; for in Revenge,*

Love ſhoots 'em with a thouſand Darts.

*They feel, but not confeſs the change ;
Their falſe Devotion cannot ſave their Hearts.*

*Thus while the Idol Honour they obey,
Swift time comes on, and blooming Charms decay,
And Ruin'd Beauty does too late the Cheat betray.* }

*This Goblin here —— the lovely Maid Alarms,
And ſnatch'd her, even from my Trembling Arms,
With*

With all the Pow'r of *Non-sence* he commands,
Which she for mighty Reason understands.
Aminta fly, he crys! fly heedless Maid,
For if thou enter'st this Bewitching shade,
Thy Flame, Content, and Lover, all are lost,
And thou no more of Him, or Fame shall boast,
The charming Pleasure soon the Youth will cloy,
And what thou would'st preserve, that will destroy.
Oh hardy Maid by too much Love undone,
Where are thy Modesty, and Blushes gone?
Where's all that Virtue made thee so Ador'd?
For Beauty stript of Virtue, grows abhorr'd:
Dyes like a flower whose scent quick Poyson gives,
Though every gawdy Glory paints its leaves:
Oh fly, fond Maid, fly that false happiness,
That will attend Thee in the Bower of Bliss.
Thus spoke the Phantom, while the listening Maid,
Took in the fatal Councel; and obey'd:
Frighted she flies, even from the Temple door,
And left me fainting on the sacred floor:

LOVE

LOVE saw my Griefs, and to my rescue came,
Where on his Bosom, thus I did complain.

The LOSS.

WEep, weep Lyfander, for the lovely Maid,
To whom thy sacred Vows were paid;
Regardless of thy Love, thy Youth, thy Vows,
The Dull Advice of Honour now pursues;
Oh say my lovely Charmer, where
Is all that softness gone?
Your tender Voice and Eyes did were,
When first I was undone.
Oh whether are your Sighs and Kisses fled?
Where are those clasping Arms,
That left me oft with Pleasures dead,
With their Excess of Charms?

Where

*Where is the Killing Language of thy Tongue,
 That did the Ravisht Soul surprize?
 Where is that tender Rhetorick gone,
 That flow'd so softly in thy Eyes?
 That did thy heavenly face so sweetly dress,
 That did thy wondrous Soul so well express?
 All fled with Honour on a Phantom lost;
 Where Youth's vast store must perish unpossess.
 Ah my dear Boy thy loss with me bemoan,
 The lovely Fugitive is with Honour gone!*

*Love laughing spread his Wings and mounting flies,
 As swift as Lightning through the yielding Skies,
 Where Honour bore away the Trembling Prize.
 There at her Feet the Little Charmer falls,
 And to his Aid his powerful softness calls:
 Assails her with his Tears, his Sighs and Crys,
 Th' unfailling Language of his Tongue and Eyes.*

Return,

Return, said he, return oh fickle Maid,
 Who solid Joys abandon'st for a shade;
 Turn and behold the Slaughter of thy Eyes;
 See — the Heart-broken Youth all dying lyes.
 Why dost thou follow this Phantastick spright?
 This faithless Ignis Fatuus of the Light?
 This Foe to Youth, and Beanties worst Disease,
 Tyrant of Wit, of Pleasure, and of Ease;
 Of all substantial Harms he Author is,
 But never pays us back one solid Bliss.
 — You'l urge, your Fame is worth a thousand Joys;
 Deluded Maid, trust not to empty noise,
 A sound, that for a poor Esteem to gain,
 Damns thy whole Life t' uneasyness and pain.
 Mistaken Virgin, that which pleases me
 I cannot by another tast and see;
 And what's the complementing of the World to thee?
 No, no, return with me, and there receive,
 What poor, what scanted Honour cannot give,

Starve

*Starve not those Charms that were for pleasure made,
 Nor unpossess'd let the rich Treasure fade.
 When time comes on; Honour that empty word,
 Will leave thee then fore-sighted Age to guard,
 Honour as other faithless Lovers are.
 Is only dealing with the young and fair;
 Approaching Age makes the false Hero fly,
 He's Honour with the Young, but with the old necessity.
 -Thus said the God! and all the while he spoke,
 Her Heart new Fire, her Eyes new softness took.
 Now cries, I yield, I yield the Victory!
 Lead on young Charming Boy, I follow thee;
 Lead to Lyfander, quickly let's be gone,
 I am resolv'd to Love, and be undone;
 I must not, cannot, Love at cheaper rate,
 Love is the word, Lyfander and my fate.*

Thus to my Arms Love brought the trembling

(Maid;

Who on my Bosom sighing, softly, said:

Take

Take charming Victor -- what you must -- subdue --
 'Tis Love -- and not Aminta gives it you,
 Love that o're all, and every part does reign,
 And I shou'd plead -- and struggle -- but in vain;
 Take what a yielding Virgin -- can bestow,
 I am -- dis-arr'd -- of all resistance now. ———
 Then down her Cheeks a tender shower did glide,
 The Trophies of my Victory, Joy, and Pride:
 She yields ye Gods (I cry'd) and in my Arms,
 Gives up the wonderful Treasure of her Charms.
 ——— Transported to the Bower of Bliss we high,
 But once more met Respect upon the way,
 But not as heretofore with Meen and Grace,
 All formal, but a gay and smiling Face;
 A different sort of Air his looks now wears,
 Galliard and Joyful every part appears.
 And thus he said ———

Go happy Lovers, perfect the desires,
 That fill two Hearts that burn with equal Fires;

*Receive the mighty Recompence at last,
Of all the Anxious hours you've past,
Enter the Bower where endless Pleasures flow,
Young Joys, new Raptures all the year,
Respect has nothing now to do,
He always leaves the Lover here.*

*Young Loves attend and here supply all want,
In secret Pleasures I'm no confident.*

*Respect here left me : and He scarce was gone,
But I perceiv'd a Woman halting on,
Naked she came ; all lovely, and her Hair,
Was loosely flying in the wanton Air :*

*Love told me'twas Occasion, and if I,
The swift pac'd Maid shou'd pass neglected by.
My Love, my Hopes, and Industry were vain,
For she but rarely e're return'd again.*

*I stopt her speed, and did implore her Aid,
Which granted, she Aminta did perswade.
Into the Palace of true Joys, to hast,
And thither 'twas, we both arriv'd at last.*

Oh *Lysidas*, no Mortal Sense affords,
 No Wit, no Eloquence can furnish Words;
 Fit for the soft Discription of the *Bower*,
 Some *Love-blest God in the Triumphant hour*,
 Can only guess, can only say what 'tis;
 Yet even that *God* but faintly wou'd express,
 Th' unbounded pleasures of the *Bower of Bliss*.
 A slight, a poor Idea may be given,
 Like that we fancy when we paint a Heav'n,
 As solid Christal, Diamonds, shining Gold,
 May fancy Light, that is not to be told.
 To vulgar Senses, Love like Heaven shou'd be
 (To make it more Ador'd) a Mystery:
 Eternal Powers! when ere I sing of Love,
 And the unworthy Song immortal prove;
 To please my wandering Ghost when I am Dead,
 Let none but Lovers the soft stories read;
 Praise from the Wits and Braves I'll not implore;
 Listen ye Lovers all, I ask no more;

That where Words fail, you may with thought sup-
 (ply,
 If ever any lov'd like me, or were so blest as I.

The Prospect and Bower of Bliss.

I.

TIS all eternal Spring around,
 And all the Trees with fragrant flowers are
 (Crown'd ;

No Clouds, no misty Showers obscure the Light,

But all is calm, serene and gay,

The Heavens are dress'd with a perpetual bright,

And all the Earth with everlasting May.

Each minute blows the Rose and Jesamine,

And twines with new-born Eglantine,

Each minute new Discoveries bring ;

Of something sweet, of something ravishing.

II.

*Fountains, wandering Brooks soft rills,
That o're the wanton Pebbles play;
And all the Woods with tender murmuring fills,
Inspiring my Love inciting Joy;
(The sole, the solemn business of the day)
Through all the Groves, the Glades and thickets run,
And nothing see but Love on all their Banks along;
A thousand Flowers of different kinds,
The neighbouring Meads adorn;
Whose sweetness snatcht by flying Winds,
O're all the Bow'r of Bliss is born;
Whether all things in nature strive to bring,
All that is soft, all that is ravishing.*

III.

*The verdant Banks no other Prints retain,
But where young Lovers, and young Loves have lain.
For Love has nothing here to do,
But to be wanton, soft and gay,*

And give a lavish loose to joy.
His emptied Quiver, and his Bow,
In flowry Wreaths with rosy Garlands Crown'd,
In Myrtle shades are hung,
As Conquerors when the Victories won,
Dispose their glorious Trophies all around.
Soft Winds and Eccho's that do haunt each Grove,
Still whisper, and repeat no other Songs than Love.
Which round about the sacred Bower they sing,
Where every thing arrives that's sweet and ravishing.

IV.

A thousand gloomy Walks the Bower contains,
Sacred all to mighty Love;
A thousand winding turns where Pleasure reigns ;
Obscur'd from day by twining Boughs above,
Where Love invents a thousand Plays,
Where Lovers act ten thousand Joys :
Nature has taught each little Bird,
A soft Example to afford ;

They

They Bill and Look, and Sing and Love,
 And Charm the Air, and Charm the Grove;
 Whilst underneath the Ravisht Swain is lying,
 Gazing, Sighing, Pressing, Dying;
 Still with new desire warm'd,
 Still with new Joy, new Rapture charm'd;
 Amongst the green soft Rivulets do pass,
 In winding Streams half hid in Flowers and Grass
 Who Purl and Murmur as they glide along, (Song,
 And mix their Musick with the Shepherds Pipe and
 Which Eccho's through the sacred Bower repeat,
 Where every thing arrives that's ravishing and sweet.

V.

The Virgin here shows no disdain,
 Nor does the Shepherd Sigh in vain,
 This knows no Cruelty, nor that no Pain :
 No Youth complains upon his rigorous fair;
 No injur'd Maid upon her perjur'd dear,
 'Tis only Love, and Love finds entrance here;

*The Notes of Birds, the Murmuring Boughs,
VVhen gentle VVinds glide through the Glades,
Soft Sighs of Love, and oft breath'd Vows,
The tender VVhisperings of the yielding Maids,
Dashing Fountains, Purling Springs,
The short breath'd crys from faint resistance sent.
(Crys which no aid desires or brings)
The soft effects of Fear and Languishment;
The lit:le strugling of the fair,
The trembling force of the young Conqueror,
The tender Arguments he brings,
The pretty Non-sence with which she assails,
VVhich as she speaks, she hopes it nought prevails.
But yielding owns her Love above her Reasonings,
Is all is heard: Silence and shade the rest.
VVhich best with Love, which best with Joys consist,
All which young Eccho's through the Bower does sing,
VVhere every thing is heard, that's sweet and ravishing.*

VI.

Recesses Dark, and Grotto's all conspire,
To favour Love and soft desire ;
Shades, Springs and Fountains flowry Beds,
To Joys invites, to Pleasure leads,
To Pleasure which all Humane thought exceeds.
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, here all combine,
To propagate Love's great design,
And render the Appointments all Divine.
After long toyl, 'tis here the Lover reaps,
Transporting softnesses beyond his hopes ;
'Tis here fair Eyes, all languishing impart
The secrets of the fond inclining Heart ;
Fine Hands and Arms for tender Pressings made,
In Love's dear business always are employ'd :
The soft Inchantments of the Tongue,
That does all other Eloquence controul,

*Is breath'd with broken Sighs among,
Into the Ravish'd Shepherds Soul,
Whilst all is taken, all is given,
That can compleat a Lovers Heav'n :
And Io Peans through the Woods do ring,
From new fletch'd God, in Songs all Ravishing.*

Oh my dear *Lysidas* ! my faithful Friend,
Woud I cou'd here with all my Pleasures end :
'Twas Heaven ! 'twas Extasie ! each minute brought
New Raptures to my Senses, Soul and Thought ;
Each Look, each Touch, my Ravisht fancy charm'd
Each Accent of her Voice my Blood Alarm'd ;
I pant with every Glance, faint with a Kiss,
Oh Judge my Transports then in higher Bliss.
A while all Dead, between her Arms I lay,
Unable to possess the conquer'd Joys ;
But by degrees my Soul its sense retriev'd ;
Shame and Confusion let me know I liv'd.

I saw the trembling dis-appointed Maid,
 With charming angry Eyes my fault up-braid,
 While Love and Spight no kind Excuse affords,
 My Rage and Softness was above dull Words,
 And my Misfortune only was exprest,
 By Sighing out my Soul into her Brest :
 A thousand times I breath'd *Aminta's* name,
Aminta! call'd ! but that increas'd my flame.
 And as the Tide of Love flow'd in, so fast
 My Low, my Ebbing Vigor out did hast.
 But 'twas not long, thus idly, and undone
 I lay, before vast Seas came rowling on,
 Spring-tides of Joy, that the rich neighboring shoar
 And down the fragrant Banks it proudly bore,
 O're-flow'd and ravisht all great Natures store.
 Swoln to Luxurious heights, no bounds it knows,
 But wantonly it Triumphs where it flows.
 Some God inform Thee of my blest Estate,
 But all their Powers divert thee from my Fate.

'Twas

'Twas thus we liv'd the wonder of the Groves,
 Fam'd for our Love, our mutual constant Loves.
 Young Amorous Hero's at her Feet did fall,
 Despair'd and dy'd, whilst I was Lord of All;
 Her Empire o're my Soul each moment grew,
 New Charms each minute did appear in view,
 And each appointment Ravishing and New.
 Fonder each hour my tender Heart became,
 And that which us'd t' allay, increas'd my Flame.

But on a day, oh may no chearful Ray,
 Of the Sun's Light, bless that succeeding day!
 May the black hours from the account be torn,
 May no fair thing upon thy day be born!
 May fate and Hell appoint thee for their own,
 May no good deed be in thy Circle done!
 May Rapes, Conspiracies and Murders stay,
 Till thou com'st on, and hatch em in thy day!
 — 'Twas on this day all Joyful Gay and Fair,
 Fond as desire, and wanton as the Air;
Aminta did with me to the blest Bower repair.

Beneath a Beechy Shade, a flowry Bed,
Officious *Cupid's* for our Pleasure spread,
Where never did the Charmer ere impart,
More Joy, more Rapture to my ravisht Heart :
'Twas all the first ; 'twas all beginning Fire !
'Twas all new Love ! new Pleasure ! new Desire !

———— Here stop my Soul ————

Stop thy career of Vanity and Pride,
And only say, — '*Twas here Aminta dy'd* :
The fleeting Soul as quickly dis-appears,
As leaves blown off with Winds, or falling Stars ;
And Life its flight assum'd with such a pace ;
It took no farewell of her lovely Face.

The Fugitive not one Beauty did surprize,
It scarce took time to languish in her Eyes,
But on my Bosom bow'd her charming Head ;
And sighing, these surprizing words she said :
" Joy of my Soul, my faithful tender Youth,
Lord of my Vows, and Miracle of Truth :

Thou

Thou soft obliger -: of thy Sex the best,
Thou blessing too Extream to be posselt;
The Angry God, designing we must part,
Do render back the Treasure of thy Heart;
When in some new fair Breast, it finds a room,
And I shall ly - neglected - in my Tomb ——
Remember - oh remember - the fair she,
Can never love thee, darling Youth, like me.
Then with a Sigh she sunk into my Brest,
While her fair Eyes; her last farewell exprest;
To aiding God's I cry'd; but they were Deaf,
And no kind pow'r afforded me relief:
I call her name, I weep, I rave and faint,
And none but Eccho's answer my Complaint;
I Kiss and Bathe her stiffening Face with Tears,
Press it to mine, as cold and pale as her's;
The fading Roses of her Lips I press,
But no kind Word the silenc'd Praters will confess;
Her lovely Eyes I kiss, and call upon,
But all their wonted answering Rhetorick's gone.

Isle of Love.

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Her charming little Hands in vain I ask,
Those little Hands no more my Neck shall grasp;
No more about my Face her Fingers play,
Nor brede my Hair, or the vain Curls display,
No more her Tongue beguiling Stories tell,
Whose wonderful Wit cou'd grace a Tale so well;
All, all is fled, to Death's cold Mansion gone,
And I am left benighted and undone,
And every day my Fate is hastening on.
From the enchanting Bower I madly fly,
That Bower that now no more affords me Joy.
Love had not left for me one Bliss in store,
Since my *Aminta* cou'd dispence no more.
——Thence to a silent *Desert* I advance,
And call'd the *Desert of Remembrance*;
A solitude upon a Mountain plac'd,
All gloomy round, and wonderful high and vast,
From whence *Love's* Island all appears in view,
And distant Prospects renders near and true;

Each

Each Bank, each Bower, each dear inviting Shade,
That to our Sacred Loves was conscious made.
Each flowry Bed, each Thicket and each Grove,
Where I have lain Charm'd with *Aminta's* Love.
(Where e're she chear'd the day, and blest the Night)
Eternally are present to my Sight.

Where e're I turn, the Landskip does confess,
Something that calls to mind past happiness.

This *Lysidas*, this is my wretched state,
'Tis here I languish, and attend my Fate.

But e're I go, 'twou'd wonderous Pleasure be,
(If such a thing can e're arrive to me)

To find some Pity (*Lysidas*) from thee.

Then I shou'd take the Wing, and upward fly,
And loose the Sight of this dull World with Joy.

Your *Lysander*.

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